

THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

ROCKLAND GAZETTE ESTABLISHED 1846.
ROCKLAND COURIER ESTABLISHED 1874.

The Press is the Archimedean Lever that Moves the World at Two Dollars a Year

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

VOL. 5.—NEW SERIES.

ROCKLAND, MAINE, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1886.

NUMBER 49.

Piano Covers.

A—SPECIAL—LOT
ON EXHIBITION AT

Wheelden's Music Store THIS WEEK!

We have a stock of Piano Covers sent us on sale for one week, and have marked them at prices LOWER than you would THINK POSSIBLE.

C. F. Sawtelle, Manager.



BUY PIANO FORTES!
BUY ORGANS!
BUY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!
BUY NEW YEAR'S GIFTS!

SMITH'S MUSIC STORE

And you make no mistake.
ALBERT SMITH.

ROBINSON & EDGERTON,
(Successors to E. W. Robinson & Co.)

ARTISTIC TAILORS

264 Main Street.

UNDER THORNDIKE HOTEL.

BOOTS, SHOES —AND— RUBBERS!

The largest stock of Ladies' Fine Goods in the city.

A full line of Misses' and Children's Spring Heel Boots. Custom made and every pair warranted.

Ladies' Beaded French Kid Slippers in bronze and black—very handsome and stylish.

Curacao and American Kid Slippers in great variety.

A full line of Men's Hand and Machine-Sewed Boots.

Latest styles in Men's Slippers just received—suitable for holiday presents.

Ladies' Felt Slippers and Boots.

Men's Felt Boots and Rubbers.

Men's Over Gaiters, Hand-knit Stockings and Mittens.

Dey & Martin's English Blacking, Ladies' French Dressing, &c.

Don't forget to see the Traveler's Blacking Brush, adjustable handle in leather case—just the thing for a Christmas present.

Rubber Goods a specialty.

HERBERT LOVEJOY,
251 MAIN STREET.

ART DEPARTMENT.

Sketch Boxes.
Amateur Outfits.
Studies, Art Goods.
Picture Frames,
Canvas, etc.

We have 25 stretchers in sizes from 4x4 to 34x36 inches. From 200 to 400 dozen W. & N. Tube Colors always in stock to select from.

Brushes of all kinds.
Largest stock of materials for LUSTRA Painting in Eastern Maine.

Prices Lower than you can obtain of others, either in or out of the State.

Wheelden's Music Store,
C. F. SAWTELLE, Manager.
Main St., corner Limerock.

Turcoman Curtains!

Another lot of those very desirable Cross Striped Curtains just received. 1 Pair Curtains, 1 Imitation Walnut, Ebony or Cherry Pole, 2 Brass Ends, 10 Brass Rings, 2 Brass Brackets, 2 Brass Chains and 2 Brass Hooks, all for

\$4.00

SIMONTON'S

HONEY! HONEY!

PURE HONEY

—AT—

PACKARD'S

California 12 cts. per lb.

Florida 16 cts per lb.

4750

Lime Rock National Bank.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Lime Rock National Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, in the city of Rockland, on Tuesday, Jan. 10th, 1887, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the choice of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before them.

Per Order, G. W. BERRY, Cashier.

Rockland, Dec. 24, 1886.

Rockland National Bank.

The Stockholders of the Rockland National Bank are hereby notified that their annual meeting will be held at their Banking Rooms on Tuesday, Jan. 10th, 1887, at 10 o'clock A. M. to fix the number of, and elect a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and transact any other business that may legally come before them.

Per Order, G. W. BERRY, Cashier.

Rockland, Dec. 24, 1886.

NORTH NATIONAL BANK.

The Stockholders of the North National Bank are hereby notified that their Annual Meeting will be held at their Banking Rooms on Tuesday, Jan. 10th, 1887, at 10 o'clock A. M. for the choice of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before them.

Per Order, G. W. BERRY, Cashier.

Rockland, Maine, N. S.

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A KANSAS BANK.

A Somewhat Personal Article Reprinted For a Variety of Reasons.

In response to countless inquiries as to his destination upon severing connection with THE COURIER-GAZETTE, Mr. Fuller deems it not out of place to reprint from the LA CYGNE (Kansas) Journal of Dec. 11 the following article. La Cygne (pronounced Lay Seen) is a Kansas city of the third class, of 1500 inhabitants and growing, being now the chief town in Linn County, and lies 60 miles south of Kansas City. It is the center of one of the richest farming and stock-raising sections of the state and possesses in addition numerous natural resources that give assurance of a flattering future. The Linn County Bank, of which Mr. Fuller will be cashier and principal stockholder, is the only institution of the kind in the vicinity.

Arrangements have been made whereby the Linn County Bank will pass January 1, 1887, from the ownership of Messrs. Ellis & Saunders into the possession of a stock company organized under the laws of the state of Kansas. The charter, as follows, was forwarded from here Monday for filing with the Secretary of State:

The undersigned, citizens of the state of Kansas do hereby certify that the purpose of this corporation is to acquire and hold real estate, to buy and sell gold, silver, coin, bullion and current money, bonds of the United States, of the State of Kansas, city, county and school lands of Linn County, to loan money on real estate and personal security, to discount negotiable notes and notes not negotiable, to buy and sell real estate, and to transact a general banking business.

First—That the name of this corporation shall be Linn County Bank.

Second—That the purpose for which this corporation is formed, namely, to acquire and hold real estate, to buy and sell gold, silver, coin, bullion and current money, bonds of the United States, of the State of Kansas, city, county and school lands of Linn County, to loan money on real estate and personal security, to discount negotiable notes and notes not negotiable, to buy and sell real estate, and to transact a general banking business.

Third—That the place where its business is to be transacted is at La Cygne in Linn County, Kansas.

Fourth—That the term for which this corporation is to exist is five years.

Fifth—That the number of directors is seven, and the names and residences of those who are appointed for the first year are W. P. Rice, Kansas City, Mo.; Geo. J. Miller, Geo. C. Wynkoop, G. R. Saunders, A. Friedman, W. O. Fuller, Jr., La Cygne; B. Ellis, Pleasanton.

Sixth—That the amount of the capital stock of this corporation shall be fifty thousand dollars, and shall be divided into five hundred shares of one hundred dollars each.

In testimony whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names this 20th day of November, A. D. 1886.

W. P. RICE,
GEO. J. MILLER,
GEO. C. WYNKOOP,
G. R. SAUNDERS,
B. ELLIS,
A. FRIEDMAN,W. O. FULLER, JR.

Personally appeared before me, a notary public in and for said county, Kansas, the above named W. P. Rice, Geo. J. Miller, Geo. C. Wynkoop, G. R. Saunders, A. Friedman, W. O. Fuller, Jr., B. Ellis, and myself, who are well known to me, and are personally known to me to be the same persons who executed the foregoing instrument of writing, and they acknowledged the execution of the same.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed my notarial seal, this 20th day of November, A. D. 1886.

My commission expires April 15, 1887.

A contract has been executed between Messrs. Ellis & Saunders and Mr. W. P. Rice and his associates, providing that the former are to sell the latter their bank building, stationery, fixtures and good will for the sum of six thousand dollars. Messrs. Ellis & Saunders also agree not to start a new bank in La Cygne for the term of five years. They further agree to take twenty thousand dollars in stock in the new banking corporation, on the day of opening, and to turn over to the latter on the day of transfer cash to cover every dollar deposited with them by their customers. As a guarantee, they are under bonds in the sum of five thousand dollars to do as promised by them, and Mr. W. P. Rice and his associates, who are to take possession, and through the financial skill of Mr. Saunders, with the ample means of the firm, it has been enabled on its merits to steadily remain one of the healthiest banks to be found. As an illustration of their manner of doing business, they amount to one thing, to pay at any time every depositor in full, and to turn over as they will, to their successors, the first of next month, dollar for dollar of their deposit account, and their capital is so large that the twenty thousand dollars in stock subscribed by them is only a small portion of their resources.

The sale by Messrs. Ellis & Saunders has been made for their private convenience. It is a pleasure to know that they invest in the new organization, of which it is expected Mr. Saunders will be cashier, and remain one of the active managers. Added to the experience, means, and high standing of Messrs. Ellis & Saunders, in the new project, will be the abundant capital of other gentlemen of the highest worth. Mr. W. P. Rice is vice president of the American National Bank of Kansas City, (capital, \$1,250,000), and president of the First National Bank of Clyde, this state. The American National Bank directory has an ownership in numerous Kansas banks, among them institutions in Clyde, Caldwell City, Axtell, Clifton, Miltonvale and Downs. Mr. Rice was formerly of Vermont, where he occupied a responsible position enabling him to command unlimited resources, and his connections are such in New England that he is continually associating with him in his western enterprises leading capitalists of the east.

Connected with the new enterprise will be Mr. W. O. Fuller, Jr., of Rockland, Me., present editor of THE COURIER-GAZETTE, of that city, who will remove here and become the cashier of the bank. Mr. Fuller is very highly spoken of by those who know him, he being a cultured gentleman who has displayed marked ability in the editorial profession and whose standing in Maine is such that his association with the Linn County Bank will be the attraction of capital to investment in this city.

The association of Messrs. Geo. J. Miller, Geo. C. Wynkoop and A. Friedman, of this city, with the bank, affords it additional strength. Mayor Friedman, senior member of the firm of Friedman & Gluecklich, is one of the best, most conservative, and most uniformly prosperous business men in this section of the state. Mr. Miller is the energetic, successful and popular head of the widely known Geo. J. Miller Mercantile Company, and Mr. Wynkoop, junior member of the firm of Blaker & Co., has attained an enviable reputation as an unusually bright, able and safe business man.

One of the leading features of the newly organized Linn County Bank will be the facility with which they can place loans on real estate security. In this department their rate of interest will be as low as can be obtained in

the state, the money will be furnished at the bank as soon as the papers are complete, and both principle and interest will also be payable at the bank, a great saving of time and a special convenience to the customer. This method of loaning has already been inaugurated by Messrs. Ellis & Saunders.

Said Mr. Rice, "We shall have ample means for all the banking requirements of La Cygne, and we come here to help build up the town."

In fact, both Mr. Rice and Mr. Fuller are especially interested in aiding the improvement of this city, and are anxious to induce eastern capitalists to take advantage of the natural resources of this locality to as large an extent as possible. They should meet with the hearty encouragement of our people in their enterprise, and the new bank should receive, as it will deserve, the implicit confidence and all the banking business of this community.

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"REGARDING SPIRITS."

Mr. Hayward Files Exceptions to a C.-G. Correspondent.

EDITOR OF THE COURIER-GAZETTE:—"A Boston man who doesn't believe in dark seances" writes a letter to your paper Nov. 9th, which has been sent to me marked, thinking no doubt that what was printed under the above caption would interest me. Allow me to reply, as, without question, the article marked refers to my report of a seance with Anson W. Hix, printed in the Banner of Light last spring. The whole tenor of the letter seems to the writer to be far-fetched and of no earthly weight, but as it does in a degree burlesque upon a believer and advocate of spiritualism and its manifestations that are occurring in all parts of the world today, also does Mr. Hix the medium a great injustice if he is, as his best friends suppose him to be, an honest man in relation to what occurs in his presence which is claimed to be accomplished by disembodied, intelligent spirit identities (of the material flesh) gone before to the world of souls, designated by spiritualists and others, the spirit world. At the outset I will say that I have never entertained any sectarian views, such as is taught and preached by the Evangelical church members, but the facts and truths connected with modern spiritualism came to me unsought at first. I then for several years investigated the various phenomena in the presence of some individuals, and today I am not a vacillating spiritualist but accept all that comes to me as being just what it is, nothing more, nothing less, the same as I received from the mediums here, and my friends know me best, do not set me down as being credulous in spirit manifestations, but rather as skeptical on what I witness until it is fully demonstrated to be what it is represented.

I do not wish to get up a controversy with a man who claims to be such a powerful one, who is a skeptic. I do not put out on a preaching mission, and would not expect any one that is honest to say I believe, without first knowing what he or she does believe and are able to state it in a candid manner.

There are many things yet to learn in this our mundane sphere of life. I do not claim to know but little comparatively but am trying to gain knowledge by experience and observation daily, but some things I do know for a certainty, one is that two and two make four, according to common usage and the mathematical sciences, and now in general use. The better way to let the public see the wisdom and soundness of one's argument and *visa versa* is to quote the sayings of your opponent or critic and allow the readers of the same to draw their own conclusions as to what is *truth* and what is *error*, or which has the better argument on the subject under consideration.

I will now quote from the letter printed in your paper, which reads as follows: "The recent article you copied from a Boston paper regarding the manifestations produced by a medium Rockland man I read and was surprised to find so slim an affair could be reprinted." "The article as originally written (has it changed) was very tame, and as it was by one of the dyed in the wool believers in all such matters it was without weight. And suppose it all to be true, which I have no doubt is the case, what is there about it in any way to lead one to believe it was anything strange or interesting to any but novices? Little simple things such as spoken of in this article alluded to as 'trick' and 'deception' are not new in this line are far ahead of such light exhibition, and are producing most wonderful examples of 'now you see it and now you don't.'" "I have seen many and although I do not see through some of them, I am not a believer. As such I have had hundreds of people here to see me coming with a belief that I was a medium. I have had letters from all parts of the country from people who have the same impression and I have undecieved one and all of them, and in most cases they have left me alone" (most wonderful confession and power.)

I should think with the above confession, that the false impression that has gone out about his being a medium had been of great benefit instead of costing him much as he claims, but it is strange how some persons reason every day matters in it. Does the quotation not make out Mr. Hix to be engaged in what is considered fraud and deception in producing said simple manifestations and does it not also make me out a dupe of his in giving the facts to the Boston paper? Am I not a dupe of him just as he is to go out against Mr. Hix providing he is honest in what is produced in his presence? I know the man, Mr. Hix, but slightly. I wrote the article in question without his knowledge or consent thinking it was nothing more or less than what I saw, and many others whom I consider reliable consider what occurs in Mr. Hix's presence to be a physical impossibility for himself or any confederate to do without detection and I cannot see why any one should without just cause make such remarks without first investigating the man's power and detecting the fraud practiced by him if there be such. No one that has had experience in the subtle forces in the universe and human beings, can doubt but what psychological power of mind over mind and disease exists and that little experiments can be performed by and through such forces on or with susceptible persons; but this is nothing new and as for mankind getting along without mind and that of its being superior to the physical body, no one pretends to question that fact, and I have just as much right to question the man's power and detecting the fraud practiced by him if there be such. 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BY WAY OF FAREWELL.

This is the last issue of THE COURIER-GAZETTE in which I shall editorially be interested. It would be idle in any way to intimate that I sever my connection with the paper without feeling of genuine regret. A man doesn't follow a profession that is in every way congenial to him for a dozen years, and then cut loose from it lightly.

Relations of the warmest character have existed between myself and the business men of Rockland, readers of the paper and my journalistic brethren. I wish I could thank each of them personally for the words of encouragement and liberal patronage covering these dozen years.

The regret of leaving the paper is tempered by the reflection that it falls into good hands.

W. O. FULLER, JR.

"THE FOX AND THE OWL."

A correspondent of the Augusta Age drops into poetry which is "affectionately" consigned to the tender mercies of the U. S. Board of Surgeons, Rockland, Me. The poem treats of an autumnal hunting trip to Sheep Island, in which a tame fox and a "stuffed" owl figured prominently.

WHY NOT?

Many cities in the state have decorated their city government rooms with portraits of their mayors, past and present. Portland, we believe, has the portrait of every mayor hung on its aldermanic walls. Why shouldn't it be done here. It would be a comparatively easy matter, and not so very expensive.

AN ARTIST.

One of Lee & Shepherd's most popular holiday books this season is the "Young People's History of Ireland," by George Makepeace Towle. The book is beautifully illustrated by Charles Cleveland, the artist, a Thomaston boy who has a fair Thomaston young lady for a wife. Mr. Cleveland is one of the rising artists of the day.

MORE WATER.

A Fever Which All our Cities and Towns Are Catching.

Several of the prominent citizens of Vinalhaven are talking up a water service for fire purposes solely. The plan, as now contemplated, is to pump salt water to some elevated place to give the needed head. Rev. Mr. Littlefield has made some measurements with this object in view, and was in town last week consulting with the officers of the Camden and Rockland Water Co. The project is in a decidedly embryo state as yet.

DOES 'EM PROUD.

There is not a place in the state that is as forlorned in the matter of cleaning off its walks and breaking out its roads in winter as our handsome neighbor, Thomaston. An hour or so after a heavy storm one can go dry-shod all over the town, while every road in the town limit is passable for teams.

It costs Thomaston from \$300 to \$800 a winter to keep its walks cleared, and we venture to say that this town makes no other investment that yields such a percentage of real, unadulterated satisfaction.

Would that Rockland could do something of the sort.

TOUCH NOT

The Partridge When the Cruel Snows Drive Him Into the Trees.

Some of our sportsmen will have the game warden on their track if they are not careful. We hear reports of sportsmen in this vicinity shooting partridges when they are "budding." The partridge on the arrival of the snow is driven to the trees and bushes, by means of the buds of which they take on a scanty livelihood. A partridge that is "budding" is not fit for food, notwithstanding some reckless Nimrods persist in shooting them.

It must be remembered, too, that the partridge is now under legal protection, and if some of our gunners fall into the embrace of a game warden it won't be because THE COURIER-GAZETTE didn't warn them.

HE WAS INNOCENT.

Embarrassing Situation of a Rockland Young Man.

One of our best known young men entered a gentleman's furnishing store on Main street, a few days ago, and was discovered by the proprietor going off with a necktie for which he had not paid. The young man's mode of getting possession of the tie was unique and ingenious. The ties were strung along above the show-case. The young man wore a hat with a deep crease in the top. While talking with the proprietor he carelessly brushed his hat against the ribbons of handsome ties and one of them neatly dropped into the crease of the hat, and was gracefully reclining there as the young man started for the door. The proprietor of the store who had witnessed the whole transaction called the young man back and made him disgorge.

Behave of the man with the crease in his hat.

THEY REMONSTRATE.

The Dunn free ship bill, to admit foreign built ships to American registry, free of duty, meets with a determined opposition in the house. Last week Representative Dingley presented remonstrances against the bill from the following associations and firms: Board of trade of Bath, Maine, Bridgeport, Conn., Minneapolis, Minn., and San Francisco, Cal.; Pacific Coast Shipowners' Association; the National Shipping League, the National Shipowners Association, E. E. O'Brien, Thomaston, Maine, Carleton, Norwood & Co., Rockport, Maine, and Haulan & Hollingsworth Company, Delaware. The remonstrances which were appropriately referred represent that the adoption of the free ship policy would destroy the shipbuilding industry in the United States and make this country dependent on British ships, for ships for commercial purposes, and for defence in time of war.

OUR SHARE.

Knox county has her share of collectors, Collectors Moore and Cushing both residing in this county. But Knox is a democratic county, you know.

COMPULSORY PILOTAGE.

The Vessel Owners and Captains National Association have presented a petition to congress asking for the passage of the Dingley pilot bill. They represent that in all but eleven of our coast states American sailing vessels have been relieved from the obligation to pay state pilots whom they did not use, while steam vessels are not obliged to pay state pilotage in any of the states, and they petition that sailing vessels be put upon the same basis as steam vessels.

Compulsory pilotage must go.

FROM ROCKLAND.

The Kind Of Men That Climb to the Top of the Ladder.

Capt. Stephen R. Babbidge several years ago moved from Rockland to Oregon, taking up his residence in the far western state. THE COURIER-GAZETTE has published items from time to time concerning the captain's success as a westerner, and we now hear from him as captain of the U. S. steamer Gen. Wright, engaged at present in working on government improvements in Yaquina Bay. Capt. Babbidge's home is now in Newport, Benton County, Oregon.

A NEW NAME.

And a Few More Words Might be Dropped to Advantage.

The Portland, Bangor, Mt. Desert and Machias Steamboat Company has been and gone and done a most praiseworthy act, for which a long-suffering and tongue-tied travelling class will be grateful. At its annual meeting last week it was unanimously voted to drop the word "Bangor" from the sesquipedalian name, and it will now be known as the Portland, Mt. Desert and Machias Steamboat Co.

The Bangor portion of the company's name was a relic of the time when this line of steamers ran to the up-river city.

AND IRONS.

Old Settlers That Have Seen Many a Back-log Crumble to Ashes.

H. M. Wise has in use in his home an ancient pair of andirons that have done service for more than 200 years. They belong to a man in Hope, and are merely borrowed by Mr. Wise who is in hopes that he may fall heir to them some time or other.

The andirons are gotten up in the form of two Hessian soldiers in full uniform. The nether ends have been burned off by long usage, and supports of wrought iron have been welded on. These in turn are nearly burned off. They are indeed curiosities.

OUR BOYS.

Several Excellent Samples of Smart Knox County Boys.

Knox county boys are heard from wherever they may go. C. E. Cook of Friendship has taken the Senior prize for scholarship in Colby University, while O. L. Beverage of North Haven, formerly connected with Rockland Commercial College, is managing editor of the Colby Echo, the college monthly. Mr. Beverage is teaching in North Whitefield this winter.

R. J. Candon of Friendship, a graduate of Colby, newly elected from his native town to the legislature, is principal of the Richmond High School, and is very popular with students, parents and committees.

COLLECTOR MOORE.

He Receives Numerous Applications for Appointments to Office.

J. E. Moore, collector of the Waldoboro District, received his commission Wednesday, and will probably assume the duties of his office Jan. 1st. He has received several applications for deputyships, and indeed the applications have been so numerous that it is said the new collector receives the most common-place greetings with a look of inquiry, as much as to say: "What position do you want?" It is not thought Collector Moore will make many if any changes at the start, and it is currently reported that he will not make a radical change while he is collector.

Rockland of course furnishes its share of candidates. A. I. Mather, at present holding position as deputy collector in this city, has applied for a reappointment, while Capt. Weston W. Gregory and H. J. Hewett are also applicants for deputyships. Capt. Gregory, who is a fine gentleman and would make a good official, is generally thought to stand the best show for appointment. A. M. Wood is reported to be exceedingly desirous of occupying the position now held by that popular official and gallant soldier, W. W. Ulmer. The friends of John E. Doherty also urge his claims as a candidate for a deputyship. As is the case in other towns in the district other names are heard, and the claims of various loyal democrats are presented by enthusiastic friends.

In Thomaston D. P. Rose and W. E. Vinal are prominently mentioned for the deputyships, in place of Major J. H. H. Hewett, the present efficient incumbent. Mr. Rose has served a valuable apprenticeship under Major Hewett, while both he and Mr. Vinal are prominent and popular young men about town. Either would make a capable officer.

Whitney Long and Aaron Watts want the official seal of the genial Nelson Hall at St. George, while the friends of Josiah Hupper and Joshua Morton are pressing their claims. Mr. Hall accepts the situation philosophically, and is writing applications for his would-be superintendents at 25 cents each.

W. A. Richards, Everett Farrington and others think they should have the Waldoboro deputyship, while at Damariscotta George S. Berry, Alexander Farum and Uriah W. Woodard would like to draw a deputy's salary. New applicants are heard from daily, and the end is not yet.

Mr. Moore is decidedly non-committal on the subject of appointments and keeps his own counsel. We can rest assured, however, that he will act wisely in the matter, and give us a satisfactory board of collectors.

A NEW ART.

A Talented Rockland Man the Artist—Something Nice for Presents.

It seems almost incredible that anything new in an artistic way can be found, there have been such tremendous strides taken in matters of this sort the past year, that a visitor to the studio of Thomas McLoon will find it necessary to throw aside all such thoughts and devote his undivided attention to the specimens of an entirely new art, which Mr. McLoon has mastered. The walls of the studio are covered with faces, figures, forms, cherubs' heads, fanciful creations in gold, bronze, old copper, antique copper, nickel, oxidized work, etc.

The pieces at first glance seems to be fashioned from the solid metal, so massive and perfect are they in outline and form, but such is not the case. These beautiful pieces of art are merely plaster casts coated with leaf of gold, copper, bronze, etc. The casts are bought in the rough, finished off, and then covered with the leaf, an intricate and trying operation that none but an artist and a skillful one could succeed in doing. The various pieces are works of art, and have nothing amateurish about them. Although an entirely new thing Mr. McLoon has mastered it.

The casts are very durable, the leaf used being of the best quality. Among the most beautiful varieties is a set of interglows, while a pair of large storks in gold attract a deserved share of attention. Many of the pieces are mounted on plush panels and framed in heavy gilt. We know of nothing so beautiful for a Christmas gift, or nothing so reasonable for that matter, the prices varying from \$3 to \$30.

PROBABLY DROWNED.

He Went Out in His Boat and Never Returned.

Great anxiety is felt concerning the fate of Capt. Swansy Gross of Deer Isle. Capt. Gross has been winter fishing for lobsters at Isle au Haut. Saturday, December 11th, he went out in his dory to haul his traps, and nothing has been heard from him since. He was seen at sundown busily engaged in hauling his traps. As he did not return in the evening Capt. Stillman Rich organized a party and went in search of him, but without success.

The outer islands and ledges have since been carefully examined, but not a trace of the missing man has been found, and the inevitable conclusion is that the dory was upset by some sudden squall and the occupant drowned. Capt. Gross leaves a wife and a large family of small children the youngest being a babe two months old.

THE COLLECTORS.

Newly appointed Collectors Moore and Cushing received their commissions Wednesday evening and will probably take possession January 1st.

PAST AND PRESENT.

The average small boy doesn't realize what a gilded age in many respects the present is. A pair of Acme club skates that four years ago cost \$7 can now be bought for \$1. The small boy should be happy.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Personal Paragraphs of More or Less Interest to Our Readers.

Charles T. Spear went to Boston, Saturday. R. W. Messer is spending a few days in Boston.

Edw. Boston of Newcastle has been visiting friends in town. C. A. Packard left last week for a business trip to New York.

Gen. J. P. Cilley has been in Washington, D. C., the past week. Mrs. Walter E. Mayo of Portland is making a short visit in town.

Capt. W. H. Barnard and daughter Nellie are at R. G. Hall's. Miss Annie Adams is visiting at the home of Capt. C. W. Cookson.

Miss Ada Spaulding will spend the winter in Charlestown, Mass. Mrs. E. M. Stubbs has returned from a visit to her parents, Hyde Park, Mass.

Miss Laura Rhoades has entered the office of the Kennebec Journal, Augusta. Miss Clara Borstell went to Boston Thursday to meet Capt. and Mrs. Borstell.

Maynard Bird arrived home from Phillips Exeter today for the holiday vacation. Albert Bowler and wife are in Lincolnville where they will remain during the winter.

Capt. James A. Smith of Boston, formerly of this place, is looking up old friends in town. L. P. Cilley of Orano College will canvass for an insurance company during the college vacation.

Charles E. Bicknell and Edw. Drake started last week on a foreign trip to Belfast and vicinity. They will return this week.

James D. Lazell was home Saturday for a brief visit. He has a pleasant and successful school in Damariscotta.

Mrs. A. B. Fales and daughter Annetta went to Somerville, Mass., Dec. 11th, for a visit of several weeks including the holidays.

William Bisbee and family and Joseph Bisbee of Warren left Saturday for Virginia where they will make their home the coming winter.

F. H. Hooper and family leave today for a visit to Mr. Hooper's parents in Haverhill, New Jersey. Before returning Mr. Hooper will make a business trip to Virginia.

H. L. Jewett of Sidney, teacher of the West district school, North Haven, was in the city yesterday, en route for his home, called thither by the sudden death of his father.

Henry L. Chandler of Richmond, Va., has been in town the past week. Mr. Chandler is travelling for a Richmond tobacco house. He is a son of the late Hon. Lucius H. Chandler.

A private letter contains the pleasing news of the improved health of W. B. Mathews of Brunswick, formerly principal of the Thomaston High School and well known here in town.

Capt. Wellman Spear left Chicago yesterday for California, forming one of the Thomas Cook excursion party. He intended to go to California by way of the isthmus, but changed his plans on seeing the steamboat accommodations.

E. S. Snow, son of George L. Snow of this place, has been taken into the firm of Snow & Co., Boston's enterprising retail dealers. Ned was up in Kennebec last week on an apple buying expedition. He is a smart business man.

T. S. Bowden, the C-G's valued West Washington correspondent, was in town Saturday. Brother Bowden is still looking forward hopefully to a reunion of the C-G's correspondents. He and Brother Gushue say that one must be held. We will see.

Mrs. M. M. Arnold returned from Lewiston Saturday, where her brother, D. T. Cooper is sick with an illness from which he cannot recover, but to whose result he is cheerfully resigned. Mr. Cooper has a very large number of friends in this vicinity who value his sterling qualities and regret the serious character of his sickness.

WORKED UP.

Charles W. Gilpatrick of Saginaw, Mich., has been visiting his parents in Washington, after a five year's sojourn in the west. Mr. Gilpatrick went west to seek his fortune, got employment with a big lumber manufacturing firm, worked his way up, step by step, and is now chief engineer of one of the biggest lumber concerns in that section of the country. Knox county blood will tell.

WE SHOULD

Have the Carrier Letter System Here as Well as Bath.

Uncle Sam has given Bath the carrier letter system, and now Rockland wants it, our city falling but little behind Bath in population and extent of postoffice business. The receipts of the Bath office for last year were \$9,548.15, while the receipts of the Rockland office for the same year were \$8,301.56.

The population of Bath two years ago was 7,371, while the population of Rockland at the same time was 7,074. Bath since that time has necessarily lost a considerable portion of its population from the decline of shipping, while Rockland has gained in population in the last two years.

SMITH'S MUSIC STORE

Abounds in Beautiful

Christmas Gifts.

We call attention to the SUPERIOR

Hardman Pianoforte.

Read these Testimonials:

(From MADAME LA BLACHE, Prima Donna of Her Majesty's Opera, and her already celebrated daughter NINA.)

MESSRS. HARDMAN, DOWLING & PECK: I am delighted with your Upright Piano. I have played several of your pianos upon which I have played are splendid. They have a solid, powerful tone, with a lovely singing quality, and the action is perfect. Hoping that you may live long to make such beautiful pianos, I am, dear sirs, Yours Truly, LA BLACHE, NINA LA BLACHE.

(From PAOLA MARIE, Prima Donna of French and Italian Opera.)

MESSRS. HARDMAN, DOWLING & PECK: I am delighted with your Upright Piano. Everything seems possible with them. They have such a powerful tone that I can imagine myself playing upon a GRAND, and yet they are susceptible of the most delicate shades of expression. Their sound quality is lovely, and, for an accompaniment to singing I wish to use only a Hardman piano. Wishing you prosperity, I am, Yours respectfully, PAOLA MARIE.

It is desirable that customers should call as early as possible, to avoid the Christmas rush.

ALBERT SMITH.

ART SILKS

I have just received a handsome assortment of

ART SILKS

Desirable for Sash Curtains, Picture Scarfs, Tidies, Easel Drops, Pillow and Bolster Cover, and various other kinds of fancy work.

Christmas Cards

In Latest Designs at Reasonable Prices!

J. H. WIGGIN,

HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS!

The Best Record Eclipsed!

DON'T FAIL TO EXAMINE THE Largest Stock

Plush & Leather Goods

HOLIDAYS

Ever shown in the city, at

J. H. WIGGIN'S

PLUSH GOODS

TOILET SETS!

I have a larger stock and variety than ever, among which are several of the Latest Styles which can't be purchased elsewhere in Rockland.

Look at the SPECIAL \$3.00 BARGAIN IN CELLULOID, formerly sold for 4.50.

Manicure & Nail Sets

In numberless styles, and prices ranging from 50c to \$7.00. A SPECIAL BARGAIN FOR \$1.00, formerly sold for \$1.50.

ODOR CASES!

This line comprises some of the handsomest and most novel goods that are manufactured.

Brush Broom Holders

Thirty-six different styles, and prices to suit all purchasers.

LADIES' WORK BOXES,

JEWEL CASES,

GLOVE BOXES,

HANDKERCHIEF BOXES,

COLLAR & CUFF BOXES,

MIRRORS,

CARD CASES, &c., &c.

Leather Goods!

Under this head I would call your attention to my large and handsome line of

POCKET BOOKS,

SPECIE PURSES,

LETTER BOOKS,

BILL BOOKS,

CARD CASES,

POCKET COMPANIONS,

COLLAR & CUFF BOXES,

CIGAR CASES,

CIGARETTE CASES,

LADIES' & GENTS' TRAVELING CASES, &c., &c.

All of the late novelties in Leather are represented in these goods.

SUNDRIES.

HANDKERCHIEF EXTRACTS—70 different odors, by the ounce.

PERFUMES in Fancy Bottles—various styles and prices.

SACRET POWDERS by the ounce, (16 odors.)

COVERING and CUT GLASS BOTTLES.

HAND GLASSES, HAIR BRUSHES, WHISK BROOMS, FINE SOAP

And most everything that is found in a first-class Drug Store, may be had of

J. H. WIGGIN,

—APOTHECARY—

Main Street, ROCKLAND.

USEFUL GOODS

...FOR...

Holiday Presents

—AT—

E. W.

-BERRY-& CO.'S

Furs! Furs!

Ladies' Alaska and Cape Seal, Otter, Beaver, Chinchilla, Lynx, Raccoon, Opossum, Black and Silver Coney, and Black Hare Muffs and Collars.

Otter & Beaver Capes,

Gents' SEAL CAPS,

SEAL GLOVES & MITTS

This line of goods we buy direct from the manufacturers, this saving the jobbers profits. These are all new, fresh goods bought this season. Ladies and Gents who contemplate buying anything in the line of furs give us a call as we can show you first class goods at Rock Bottom Prices.

A FINE LINE OF

Silk Umbrellas!

HEADQUARTERS FOR

GENTS' NECKWEAR.

We take special pleasure in announcing to the public, that our annual opening of Neck Wear for the Holiday trade will occur on Saturday, Dec. 11. This line we make a specialty, and it is conceded by all that we have the largest, most comprehensive and lowest priced line of these goods to be found in the city.

These goods we buy direct from the New York importers (one of the largest in this country) and have the exclusive sale in this city for their goods. We shall have—

Teck Scarfs, Puff Scarfs, Flat Scarfs, Four-in-Hand and Windsor Ties, In Satins, Silks, Velvets, Plushes and Mohairs.

Hand-Embroidered—Silks and Velvets, (something entirely new) in all qualities and prices.

Considering the quality the choiceness of the effects in combination the fact that the designs are exclusive and are not to be found elsewhere in the city we expect a big sale on this line of goods as they make a most appropriate Christmas Present.

Slippers! Slippers! SLIPPERS!

For Ladies, Gents, Boys, Misses and Children.

Hand Embroidered Velvet, Fancy Goat, Kid and Alligator Slippers in all Grades and Prices.

Our success in the past seasons on these goods has prompted us to buy a more extensive line for the holidays of '86. It has been acknowledged by travelling people from large cities that we show one of the largest stocks of Slippers in the State.

Over 1500 PAIRS TO SELECT FROM.

Silk Handkerchiefs and Mufflers.

We have a big line of these goods just in—lots of new patterns.

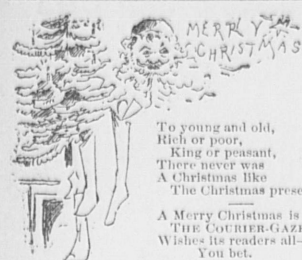
SILK SUSPENDERS.

In all qualities, put up in neat Glass-covered Boxes, just the thing for a Christmas Present.

GLOVES and MITTS.

Kid gloves and Mitts, Fur Gloves and Mitts, lined or unlined, in spring rubber or Fur wrists, for Ladies, Gentlemen and Boys.

FOLKS AND THINGS.



To young and old,
Rich or poor,
King or peasant,
There never was
A Christmas like
The Christmas present.

A Merry Christmas is what
THE COURIER-GAZETTE
Wishes its readers all—
You bet.

'Tis excellent sleighing in town.

Boston is having a revival of the Mikado.

Marcus Lawrence recently killed 45 pigs in three days.

W. B. Hix has been brightening up his store with new paper, etc.

Knox Lodge, I. O. O. F., is revising its by-laws and benefit laws.

Work on the foundations of the big refrigerator is progressing rapidly.

C. A. Keene's stable is being rendered water tight with a new coat of tar.

Our merchants have put in unprecedented big and elegant stocks of goods.

A young man about town found a live mouse in his coat pocket the other day.

Renben Winslow and family will occupy the Walter S. Hall house, Middle street.

Jonas Davis has recently made quite an addition to his house on the Thomaston road.

The kilns are rapidly closing up. All but four of the North-end kilns have burned out.

Among the new and popular games for the holiday trade are parlor polo and baseball dominoes.

The Christmas business yesterday was very brisk, if crowded stores and sidewalks are an indication.

The annual Christmas tree and concert will be held in the Methodist vestry Friday evening, at seven o'clock.

J. T. Coombs, of North Haven, the veteran, began a term of singing school in South Thomaston last evening.

Col. L. D. Carver stepped onto J. P. Ingraham's scales last week, and brought them down to the tune of 287 pounds.

A plump body of a defunct cat enlivens the wintry landscape of Elm street. The sausage business is evidently a little dull.

Progressive euchre parties are having their usual run. Pleasant gatherings were held at Charles T. Spear's and Capt. Henry Pearson's last week.

The Thorndike is a very lively and cheerful place during the session of court, judge, jury, lawyers and clients mingling indiscriminately in the big office.

Edwin Libby Post, G. A. R., has over 200 members, being one of the largest, if not the largest Post in this state, and everyone knows it's one of the best.

W. G. Moody of this city has been appointed aid de camp with rank of lieutenant colonel on the staff of Commander-in-Chief Payne of the Sons of Veterans.

If the venture of the Gracie Young, described in another column, prove successful, Rockland enterprise will fit out several other vessels for the same cruise next year.

Bryant & Cobb have in their marble shop two very handsome monuments. One is of Lake Champlain colored fancy marble, while the other is of blue vein marble.

Ephraim Perry has bought the paraphernalia of the Baker dye-house and is doing a great deal of dyeing daily, although he is still quite lively. Ephraim does fine work.

Work is being rapidly pushed on the telephone line to White Head. Barring some untoward delay in the arrival of the cable the new line will be in running order in a few days.

"Where do you get off?" queried one drummer of another. "Warren," was the reply. "Get off with me, and I'll warrant you'll have a good time." He escaped because he was quick.

The first real blizzard of the season came on deck Thursday, and our whole state got a snow benefit. The wind blew and the snow fell. The afternoon train was an hour late, the flying snow getting into the fire box and putting a damper on the steam.

The latest news from Leslie Cross, whose injury we reported last week, was of an encouraging nature. He will recover the use of his limbs, but will probably never fully recover from his injuries, the most serious being the hurt received by his lungs.

A young Rockland man was running down through Main street, late one night, recently, going for a doctor. One of our wary policemen hailed him, but the young man wouldn't stop. The police gave chase and after a long race pulled the young man to, when explanations followed.

Breck, the candy man, as usual has a show window that attracts them all, great and small. This year he has a sort of domestic picture. A big brick house, in which a family party, and a ball-room scene are noticed, a barn, two sleighing parties and other accompaniments of a winter scene, all of candy, fills his big window.

A. Ross Weeks has the most unique device for attracting the attention of passers by. "One of the finest" in pasteboard is fastened to the big plate-glass window, and taps with his billie on the window, a battery furnishing the motive power. Many a passer, hurrying along, hears the rapping, stops and goes into the store to see what is wanted. Once in there among the beautiful pieces of crockery and bric-a-brac it's almost impossible to get out without buying something.

STEAMBOAT SPARKS.—A. F. Crosby made his last trip as American Express messenger on the Katahdin, Friday. He goes into the company's Boston office....Our steamboat men have been the worst they ever experienced, the weather being catchy and variable. The Penobscot was all ready to come off Rock Saturday. She was damaged but lit. The Katahdin left here Friday night at 10 o'clock for Boston. She brought up Saturday morning for Portland, leaving there at four o'clock for Boston. She arrived here yesterday morning for Boston. She arrived here yesterday morning for Boston.

Marcus Lawrence, Thomaston road, has been improving his dwelling.

Seth Spear has a young deer that was captured down Sullivan way.

Our tailors report that business is holding on a little longer than usual in their line.

Farmers from the suburbs say that the ground in the field has not yet frozen enough to hold oxen.

The usual bad humps have shown themselves on the Thomaston road, west of Thomdike's.

Miss Mand Anderson has been appointed messenger for the delivery of special delivery letters at the postoffice.

Charles Connors, formerly of the Casino Polo club of Bar Harbor, is playing with a New Jersey club, and is considered a wonder on rollers.

Telephone communication has been reestablished between Rockland and Thomaston. The exchange at Thomaston has been changed from the Knox House to the store of T. S. Andrews.

The annual meeting of Knox Agricultural Society for the election of officers and transaction of other business will be held in Megunticook lower hall, Camden, tomorrow afternoon at one o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

During the recent storms there has been a very bad place in the Thomaston road, on the brow of the hill in front of the house of W. F. Tibbets. There have been several accidents there the past week, none of which, fortunately, proved serious.

An incipient fire in the wood-shed of O. S. Knowles' house, Brewster street, Wednesday evening, was extinguished by the prompt action of the fire department. It was evidently the continuation of Rockland's mysterious series of incendiaries.

DOG AND GUN.—Our devotees of the chase report shooting very good for this season of the year....W. F. Norcross and David Donahue captured several rare bits Friday....Capt. Alfred Spear and Hon. Samuel Bryant bagged a half-dozen plump rabbits over Warren way Saturday.

A rumor which has been rife on the street that the St. Nicholas Hotel was to be reopened probably sprang from the fact that a portion of the household furniture of John T. Berry has been stored there. We hope business will be brisk enough next year, however, to warrant the opening of this unused piece of property.

A young lad living on the Thomaston road has made a set of weather signals which he runs up on a pole in front of his house, putting up the same signals that fly from the custom house, which can be seen from his window. The youngster is opposed to the plan of moving the station to White Head, and is thinking of entering a remonstrance.

THE CHURCHES.—The usual Christmas services will be held in the Catholic church Saturday morning....An interesting testimony meeting was held in the First Baptist vestry, Sunday evening....The text at St. Peter's church Sunday was from St. Luke 19:9....The annual collection of the First Baptist church, Sunday, for the benefit of the Maine General hospital, amounted to \$12.39.

A sad circle of relatives and friends gathered at the residence of Capt. G. W. Rhodes Friday afternoon to pay their last respects to the memory of Mrs. Rhodes, one who was greatly loved in life, and who will be sorely missed in death. Appropriate remarks were made and prayer offered by Rev. Mr. Littlefield of Vinalhaven. The deceased was a member of the Cedar Street church and was a lady of great loveliness of character whose loss is irreparable.

Claremont Commandery, Knights Templar, is talking of a change in its uniform. There are two kinds of Knights Templar uniforms, black trimmed with white, and white trimmed with black. If Claremont makes a change it will be from white to black. The present white baldric will be supplanted by one of black with silver trimmings. The present red belt will be changed to one of black, and the regulation coat, like those worn by the Vinalhaven Commandery will be used. These changes are as yet only contemplated.

The Christmas excursions over the Knox & Lincoln begin tomorrow and will continue for three days. The fares have been made very low between Rockland and Newcastle and intermediate places. Parties from all these places can come to Rockland on the regular forenoon train, do their Christmas shopping in Rockland's well-filled stores, and return home in the afternoon by a special train which leaves Rockland's down-town station at 3:30 o'clock. The fare from Rockland to Thomaston is 20 cents for the round trip and other places in the same proportion. The enterprise of our railroad officials should be rewarded with crowded trains.

Joseph E. Clinton, in prison under sentence of two years for assault upon T. B. Severance, received his pardon papers Friday and was discharged. It will be remembered that soon after the assault Mr. Severance brought suit against Clinton, attaching his property. The action was brought to secure damages for personal injury. The case was to have been tried this term of court, but delay in the receipt of Clinton's pardon papers necessitated a continuance of the case. Robinson & Rowell appear for Severance, O. G. Hall, esq., for the defense. The defense is that the assault was Severance's and he brought his injuries upon himself. Clinton's health seems to be unimpaired by his incarceration.

News was received here Friday of the death of Thompson H. Murch, ex-member of congress from this district. Mr. Murch had been an inmate of the Danvers, Mass., Insane Asylum since Oct. 28th, his death occurring there Monday of last week. The officials of the asylum say that he suffered from acute melancholia and died from exhaustion. Mr. Murch was a stone-cutter by trade, and was elected to congress in 1878 by the greenbackers, defeating Eugene Hale. He was re-elected for a second term, and after that was engaged in various pursuits, canvassing for books a portion of the time. One of the fruits of his congressional life was the breakwater which protects our harbor, his efforts being directly instrumental in obtaining the first government appropriation for that purpose. Mr. Murch was a member of Rockland Lodge, F. and A. M., of King Solomon's Chapter, R. A. M., of Knox Lodge, I. O. O. F., and belonged to both Masonic and Odd Fellows Relief. Besides these benefits he had a small insurance on his life, so that his widow will receive in benefits about \$300. Mr. Murch was a very pleasant man personally and a well meaning one.

A. W. Benner has opened a barber shop in the office recently occupied by C. E. Littlefield, esq.

H. M. Lord has been appointed agent of the associated press at Rockland in place of W. O. Fuller, Jr., resigned.

Cochran & Sewall have been making us some very appropriate Christmas presents in the way of handsome 1887 calendars.

Merchants having accounts against THE COURIER-GAZETTE office will confer a great favor by rendering same this week.

The indications are that the proposed railroad to Camden will be a success. Nothing of moment has occurred in this connection since our last issue.

That public blessing, the town clock, is to be put in repair. A city government order, to that effect, is in the hands of City Solicitor Kallioch for his legal sanction.

The Congregational and First Baptist Sunday Schools will have Christmas concerts next Sunday evening. Both churches will be decorated. "Christmas Contrasts" will be the title of the Congregational concert.

Somebody eloped with two fancy aprons from a city hardware store. The aprons were intended for sale at the fair soon to be held by St. Peter's church. If the aprons could be returned it would be a favor to the society.

W. A. Kimball retires from the circulation department of the Boston Herald on Jan. 1st. Mr. Kimball has made a boom for that paper and the Herald people will lose a valuable man. He has the world-wide reputation of being the best advertising man in New England and has a host of friends all over the land. We can highly recommend Mr. Kimball to those having advertising to do.

News was received here Wednesday of the sudden death of M. H. St. John, at Orange, N. J. Mr. St. John, through his position as proprietor of the Clark's Island granite works, was well known in town, and was respected and honored as an upright, honorable business man. He has been the owner of Clark's Island for some years, the firm Mark & St. John commencing business there about fifteen years ago. For nearly four years, however, Mr. St. John has been sole proprietor.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.—Rev. L. L. Hanson will lecture before the association next Monday evening. Subject "Superstition." Rev. W. A. Newcomb's lecture has been postponed until two weeks from that date. Members with a friend are admitted free. Admission to all others 10 cents....Last evening the following officers of the lyceum were elected: President, J. Fred Hall; vice president, A. W. Butler; secretary, E. A. Lawry; critic, Chester M. Walke, esq. The lyceum meeting last evening was a success, and it was decided that women should have the right of ballot....New Year's is a red letter day for the association throughout the world. Our association will follow suit with all the others in keeping an open house. The ladies of the auxiliary will receive callers both afternoon and evening. All young men short or tall, white or black, Jew or Gentile, are cordially invited to call on the association that day. Something good will be served to the inner man.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Rosedale" will be nice, very nice. Last of January.

Murry & Murphy's Irish Visitors and fine orchestra will appear in Farwell Hall Jan. 24th. Tom Daly and wife, Lizzie Derions, are the happy father and mother of a son, born last Tuesday.

The Bangor Mikado Co., is to make a week's tour through the state commencing the 27th of this month.

Alice Oates, the queen of burlesque opera, is dying at the home of her father-in-law in Philadelphia.

Another of these pleasant social dances, under the management of Ingraham & Backliff, will be held at Washington Hall, this evening.

Henry Dixey closes his Boston engagement Christmas night. He then plays Brooklyn one week, and then opens in Philadelphia for an indefinite season.

The fair and entertainment, announced to be held in the Baptist chapel, Thursday evening was postponed on account of the storm, and will be held one week from next Thursday. Look out for further particulars.

A. W. Purcell and Flora Myers started on the road last week playing "Hazel Kirke," "The Danites" and a new play written by Mr. Purcell. They are to carry a fine company. Mr. Purcell has been managing and playing at the People's Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., for some time past.

Wednesday of next week is the date of the City Cornet Band entertainment. The popular drama "Our Folks" will be given by the same cast which presented it so acceptably two years ago. The band boys intend to please the public if they don't lay up a cent. Tickets are on sale at the drug stores of W. H. Kittredge and F. F. Burpee.

Next Friday evening the N. A. Burpee boys entertain their friends in Farwell Hall, a levee and dance being the attractions. The firemen have a claim upon every person in town. When they make their annual call for a benefit, they should receive one. Remember the date, next Friday evening.

ICE CREAM.

Mrs. Thurlow will supply dinner parties with ice cream for Christmas day and will also have her parlors open afternoon and evening.

E. B. MAYO'S BARGAINS.

E. B. Mayo offers for sale 20 doz. choice style and nice quality silk handkerchiefs in 19 different shades at only 17 cents, much less than real value. Also gent's large size silk mufflers, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75. Gent's hem-stitched handkerchiefs, nice qualities, low prices. Ladies' 4-button kid gloves, choice colorings, 59, 69 and 79 cents. 5-button, embroidered backs, scalloped wrists, 85 cents. Nice quality mosquito nets, 87 cents. Extra quality black kids, 4 and 5 buttons, \$1.07, \$1.17. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shown at houses.

E. B. MAYO, 15 Masonic St., Rockland, Me.

The Columbia Bicycle Calendar for '87, just issued by the Pope Manufacturing Co., of Boston, is a truly artistic and elegant work in chromo-lithography and letterpress. Each day of the year appears upon a separate slip with a quotation pertaining to cycling from leading publications and prominent personages. The calendar proper is mounted upon a back of heavy board, upon which are exquisitely executed pictures in oil color effect, by G. H. Buck of New York. As a work of convenience and art, the Columbia Calendar is worthy a place in office, library or parlor.

Births.

Vinalhaven, Dec. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. John Hopkins, a son.
Swan's Island, Nov. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kent, a son.
Swan's Island, Nov. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Shinson, a son.

Marriages.

Rockland, Dec. 18, by Wm. J. Robbins, esq., Augustus S. Rankin of Rockland, and Rita E. Brewster of Rockville.
South Thomaston, Dec. 12, by Rev. S. M. Dunton, Thomas J. Yeaton and Alice A. Wiley, both of Bremen.

South Thomaston, Dec. 18, by Rev. S. M. Dunton, Francis A. Robinson and Lizzie A. Henderson, both of South Thomaston.
Warren, Dec. 15, by Rev. J. H. Barrows, Samuel H. Richmond and Sadie L. Mathews, both of Warren.

Washington, by T. S. Bowden, esq., B. L. Burnheimer and Daisy S. Burnheimer, both of Waldoboro.
Camden, Dec. 11, William R. Lovett and Clara E. Lovett, both of Camden.

Rockport, Dec. 11, Norman H. Scott of Amesbury, Mass., and Hattie A. Sawyer of Rockport.
Union, Dec. 12, Ethel S. Cummings and Maggie Wagner, both of Union.

Liberty, Dec. 15, Frank Brown of Liberty, and Nettie E. Lenfest of Washington.
Boston, Dec. 8, Charles Lawrence of Long Cove, St. George, and Clara M. McRoberts of Dalbeattie, Scotland.

Camden, Dec. 5, Wm. P. Wellman and Minnie Thomas, both of Camden.
Waldoboro, Dec. 7, George S. Smith of Lynn, Mass., and Laura A. Greener of Waldoboro.
St. George, Dec. 4, Thomas E. Wiley and Mabel Waldron, both of South Thomaston.

Deer Isle, Dec. 4, Byron D. Tracy and Annie A. Barber, both of Deer Isle.
Webster, Mass., Nov. 30, Charles W. Frohock of Lincolnville, and Ida E. Ames of Webster.

Deaths.

Rockland, Dec. 15, Eddie H., son of Capt. Leslie M. and Hattie J. Bird, aged 17 days.
Rockland, Dec. 16, John A. Simmons, aged 76 years, 3 months, 18 days.

Rockland, Dec. 19, Emma J., wife of J. W. Nichols, aged 10 years, 10 months, 1 day.
Rockland, Dec. 19, Levi Wall, aged 49 years, 9 months, 2 days.

Bath, Dec. 20, Ada A., daughter of Capt. Peter and Lucy Kennedy, formerly of Rockland, aged 12 years.
Augusta, at the insane asylum, Dec. 15, Lorenzo Packard of Rockland aged 67 years, 10 months, 25 days.

East Orange, N. J., Dec. 15, Milton H. St. John, aged about 56 years.
Warren, Dec. 15, Hattie, daughter of the late Joseph Robinson of Rockland, aged 21 years, 9 months, 13 days.

Danvers, Mass., Dec. 15, Thompson H. Murch, formerly of Rockland, aged 48 years, 8 months.
South Thomaston, Dec. 13, Capt. James Dew, aged 74 years.

Lincolnville, Dec. 11, Isaac Marriner, aged 85 years.
Tenants Harbor, Dec. 11, Phebe J., wife of Joseph Rivers, aged 41 years, 3 months, 23 days.

North Haven, Dec. 5, George W. Cooper, aged 63 years.
Waldoboro, Dec. 8, Elizabeth Gross, aged 84 years, 10 months.
Camden, Dec. 8, Paul, son of Wilder W. and Mary Bell Perry, aged 2 years, 1 month, 10 days.

Camden, Dec. 16, Leora, wife of Wm. Rollins and youngest daughter of the late Major John Spear of Rockland, aged about 45 years.
West Washington, Dec. 5, Mrs. Jane Fitch, aged 70 years.

Warren, Dec. 16, James Fuller.

NOTICE.

This is to forbid all persons from trusting or harboring my wife Sadie M. McPherson, she having left my bed and board without my consent.

ROBE LOST.
Sunday night, probably on Masonic street, a fine black fur night robe. Please return (and be rewarded) to THE COURIER-GAZETTE office or GARRETT COUGHLIN.

WARNING.

This is to forbid any person cutting trees or shrubbery from my lot on Middle street for Christmas-trees or other purposes. Trespassers will be prosecuted.

NOTICE.

The regular Annual Meeting of the Knox County Agricultural and Horticultural Society, will be held in Megunticook lower hall, in Camden Village, on Wednesday, Dec. 22nd inst., at one o'clock P. M., for the choice of officers and the transaction of the general business of the Society. A large attendance is very desirable.

By order of trustees,
C. L. ALLEN, Secretary.
Rockland, Dec. 11th, 1886.

HOUSE TO LET.

A desirable two story house and ell situated on the North side of Willow Street, in Rockland, known as the Geo. F. C. Cabree house.

Apply to D. N. MORTLAND.
Rockland, Dec. 6, 1886.

UNIQUE

In Literature, Dickens' "Pickwick Papers" for five cents. Just published in "Simmons & Co.'s Five Cent Library." 206 pages, octavo volume, twenty illustrations. Remit 10 Cents, (five for book and live for postage.)

G. W. SIMMONS & CO., Boston, Mass.
WANTED Reliable Agents everywhere to represent the Simmons & Co. Five Cent Library. \$1.00 per dozen. Association of Minneapolis, Minnesota. \$1.00 per dozen. A popular institution for single men. Liberal inducements to the right man. Address A. B. TOWLE, Agent, Bangor, Me., Box 1302.

FAIR and SALE

SUPPER.

The ladies of the FIRST BAPTIST SOCIAL CIRCLE announce a Fair and Sale Supper

At the Church Parlors,

Thursday, Dec. 30, '86.

A great variety of useful and fancy articles will be offered for sale.

LECTURE!

Y. M. C. A. Star Course.

Monday Evening, Dec. 22.

REV. L. L. HANSCOM.

Subject: "SUPERSTITIONS."

THE PUBLIC CORDIALLY INVITED.

Tickets 15 Cents; with Reserved Seats 25 Cents.

BEAUTIFUL

CUT FLOWERS!

Order Early and Secure the Best.

I can furnish any of these flowers at ten hours notice.

Orders by mail, telegraph or telephone.

W. F. NORCROSS,

260 Main St., Rockland.

SOMETHING NEW

—FOR—

Christmas Presents!

A large assortment of CASTS, of antique and modern design, furnished in gold, nickel, copper and oxidized silver, will be opened at

T. H. McLoon's Studio,

No. 349 Main Street, tomorrow.

Call in and examine them.

CREAMERY BUTTER

VERMONT DAIRY COUNTRY BALL PRINT

FLOUR

And a fine assortment of

GROCERIES, NUTS, &c.,

At Low Prices.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL BY

O. B. FALES.

49 337 MAIN STREET.

BUY YOUR

HOLIDAY GOODS

—OF—

WM. M. MUNROE

—A BIG STOCK OF—

BOOTS, SHOES

—AND—

Christmas Slippers!

HATS, CAPS,

—AND—

Gentlemen's Furnishings!

The Latest Styles of

VELVET, SATIN and SILK TIES

JUST RECEIVED.

ALSO A NEW LOT OF

Silk Suspenders!

In Fancy Boxes—Just the thing for Christmas Presents.

Lowest Cash Prices in the City!

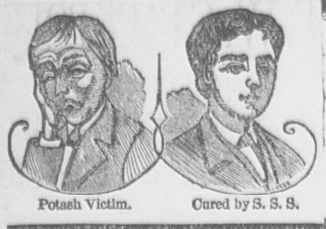
Call and Examine My Stock!

WM. M. MUNROE,

Spear Block, 3 Doors North of Park St.

—To All interested in—

CHRISTMAS GIFTS!



CAUTION.

Consumers should not confuse our Specific with the numerous imitations, substitutes, potash and mercury mixtures which are gotten up to sell, not on their own merit, but on the merit of our remedy. An imitation is always a fraud and a cheat, and they derive only as they can steal from the article imitated.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free For sale by all druggists.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

S. S. S. vs. POTASH.

I have had blood poison for ten years. I know I have taken one hundred bottles of iodine of potash in that time, but it did me no good. Last summer my face, neck, body and limbs were covered with sores, and I could scarcely use my arms on account of rheumatism in my shoulders. I took S. S. S., and it has done more good than all other medicines I have taken. My face, body and neck are perfectly clear and clean, and my rheumatism is entirely gone. I weigh 116 pounds when I began the medicine, and I now weigh 152 pounds. My first bottle helped me greatly, and gave me an appetite like a strong man. I would not be without S. S. S. for several times its weight in gold.

C. E. MITCHELL,
W. 221 St. Ferry, New York.

"On Going to Bed,"

said Charles Locke, Esq., of Stetson, a well known lumberman of eastern Maine, who was terribly afflicted with Salt Rheum, "I would suffer untold agonies. After becoming warm under the bed clothes the itching sensation was so intense I could do nothing but scratch, and the more I scratched the worse it itched. Any one who is afflicted with the Salt Rheum knows this. After trying almost everything to obtain relief and failing to get it, seeing many testimonials from ladies and gentlemen well known in this State who had been permanently cured, I obtained and took several bottles of

Brown's Sarsaparilla,

and am now a well man. Remember this, there is no Blood Purifier like it in the world. For sale everywhere.

Ara Warren & Co. Sole Proprietors, Bangor, Me.

ARTHUR SHEA,
Practical Plumber.

Water Closets, Bath Tubs, Water Fixtures,
Set up in the best manner.

We are prepared to make contracts for thoroughly plumbing any description of public or private building in the most artistic and workmanlike manner.

We give particular attention to securing Perfection in Drainage & Ventilation. Every kind of job promptly and satisfactorily executed in city or country at very reasonable rates. We can refer to work done in Rockland and at Camden. Correspondence solicited.

Call on us at our place of business,
184 MAIN ST., opposite the Lindsey House,
Or address us by Mail at
ROCKLAND, MAINE.

MITCHELL'S BELLADONNA PLASTER.
For pains in the breast, side or back, and for weak lungs. Sure remedy for that cold spot between the shoulders. This is the oldest and most reliable Belladonna Plaster made, and contains an extra quantity of Belladonna. Sold by all druggists.

O. E. HAHN & CO.,
Painters, Grainers

.....AND.....
PAPER HANGERS.

DEALERS IN
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass, Putty,

Artists' Materials, Brushes,
ALABASTINES FOR WALLS
AND CEILINGS.
Satisfaction Guaranteed in all cases.
204 Main Street, - Opp. Farwell Hall.

CHAS. E. BURPEE,
House, Ship and Sign Painter

Grainer, Paper Hanger,
AND DEALER IN
PAINTS, OILS, DRYERS,

Varnishes, Glass, etc.
MATERIALS FOR ARTISTS
A Great Specialty.

BERRY BROS. BLOCK

Prices Low. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

DER IN THE WORLD!!

aration, made by the only process of any nutritive value.

strength-giving phosphates required by the system.

It supplies the nutritious and required by the system.

It contains no cream tartar, ever.

Every package warranted.

For sale by all dealers.

ook Book Free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

COCKLE'S
ANTI-BILIOUS
PILLS.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury. Contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients.
Agents: C. S. CRISTENSON, New York.

NOTICE.

The Joint Standing Committee on Accounts and Claims of the City of Rockland, will be in session at the City Treasurer's office, on the FRIDAY EVENING preceding the first Monday of each month, for the purpose of examining claims against the city. All bills must be approved by the party contracting them, and should be presented at said time and place, or left with the committee previous to the date above mentioned.

J. B. HALL,
J. S. W. NORCROSS,
J. S. W. NORCROSS,
Committee on Accounts and Claims

THE INQUIRY.

By Charles Mackay.

Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway soar,
Do you not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?

The loud wind whistled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No!"
Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Knowest thou some favored spot,
Some island, far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?

The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped awhile, and sighed to answer, "No!"
And thou, serene moon,
That with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy rosy light,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where mortal man
Might find a happier lot?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded, "No!"
Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, pain and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?

Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortal given,
Waved their bright wings, and answered, "Yes,
In heaven!"

WILLIAM NYE.

He Answers Some Questions From an
Anxious Inquirer.

Boston Globe.

Ellis Barston, Flint, Mich., writes: "I have seen a recent scientific article, in which it is positively stated that an electric apparatus has been perfected by which a man may be enabled to shock a lion or other beast of prey in such a manner as to take away his ferocity and render him docile, kind and tractable. I would like to know if such is the case, and if so, whether the machine can be procured at a nominal cost. I have a position offered me for next season with an allied show as a lion tamer, and its salary is better than what I am now receiving as a school teacher. I have often thought I would like to be a lion tamer if I could, in an unostentatious manner, remove the ferocity from his nature. No one loves lions better than I do, but I dislike the sensation when they send their hot breath down into my neck, and I feel their bright, red gums in my person."

Two—Also, could you tell me whether this same electrical apparatus would work on a large, anonymous dog with a fierce nature and low instincts?

Three—What is good for a lacerated wound made partly by a barbed wire fence and partially by a coarse, self-made dog?

Four—Do you think that love is abiding or is it ephemeral in its nature?

Five—If I do not succeed in getting a place as lion tamer, would you assist me to a position as conductor of a chair car on some progressive railway?

Six—How do you like my penmanship?

Seven—State what you know of the mind cure, of which we hear so much?

Answer: First—Two years the *Pull Mall Gazette* announced the application of electricity to the lion training industry in such a way as to make every man his own lion tamer. Mr. Ranspach a professional lion tamer, was the inventor. It consists of a stick three feet in length, containing a supply of electricity sufficient for one application. It was claimed for it by Mr. Ranspach that he had tried it on three lions, each of whom immediately retracted all he had ever said derogatory to Mr. Ranspach, and hoped to do better in the future. He also tried it on a large streaked tiger with a red morocco mouth from Farther India. He had been in the man-eating trade while abroad, and had also eaten several ladies. One season he ate the entire crop of children in one province. People at last got almost discouraged about trying to raise children in that climate. Mr. Ranspach shocked this tiger with his justly celebrated shocker, and the huge brute became perfectly tractable.

A large bear was treated for half an hour, but did not get tame so fast as could have been wished. After he had been subdued as was supposed, he ate part of a tall woman, who lived near Booria, Ill., and who would have died if the fragment eaten by the bear had not been made of woven wire. This incident induced quite a number of ladies afterward to adopt this method of protecting themselves.

The box constructor was the most readily affected. He curled up in his cage and did not awake for two days and when he did so his hat was four sizes too small for his head. He showed signs of numbness also for three whole days. The elephant became quite wild almost ungovernable on being treated with electricity and it was decided not to use it on him any more.

So you see the effect is not always the same. In fact, the machine is not always sure to operate, owing to defective mechanism. A job printer from St. Joe, Mo., was once asked by a friend of his who was a lion tamer, to "sub" for him at a matinee, as he wanted to go away and get married. He had one of these electric lion quellers, which he told the job printer how to use, but when he entered the cage and tried to squirt about 20 cents' worth of electricity down the throat of a big open face lion, he found to his chagrin that it would not work. Either the electricity had escaped or had soiled so that it was of no avail, and as the job printer did not know the way out of the den, he fed one of his arms to the lion while kind friends were heating some porkers to pry open the jaws of the ferocious brute. The job printer afterwards prepared for the press a scathing criticism on "The Uses and Abuses of Electricity."

You can do as you think best about becoming a lion-tamer, but as for me, I would rather be a Mexican fearless dog hunting for the open Polar Sea than to earn \$2.50 per day sticking my polished dome of thought into the massive jaws of an irritable Numidian lion.

3. For a lacerated wound made by a barbed wire fence and an impulsive dog, I would suggest change of scene and

rest. You could rest standing up no doubt better than any other way.

4. Love is sometimes ephemeral. I think that is the kind you have. Do not leave it out nights.

5. I would do most anything to assist you in getting a place as conductor of a chair car if you think you could stand the mental strain, but think how many men have tried it and failed. Think well of the responsibility before you go into it. Your train might run over a cow in the night and spread her out over a long, narrow country and you might have to get up and look at her, or one of your passengers might wake in the night and want a drink or your pantaloons might bag at the knees. There are a thousand instances I might name, where prompt action and perfect self-control are necessary.

6. Your penmanship is good. It is just the same hand that 39,000,000 other people in the United States write, and if you want to write a popular hand you ought to be a very happy man.

7. The mind cure is something that I know very little about, and yet I often very cheerfully write about things of which I know even less than I do about this. The mind cure is a kind of a scheme by which one mind, through its power over another, banishes disease from the physical being. I once employed a tall thoughtful man to come and treat me on this plan. He came several days and the results were not very satisfactory. One day it flashed over him that he had forgotten to bring his instrument with him. The following day he came in with his hand done up in a shawl strap. He began to work on me but did not succeed. Then he rose, buckled up his shawl strap and started to go. I asked what the bill was, but he said nothing.

"The principle," said he, "is this: One mind, by its control over another, works the cure. So it is necessary not only that I have a mind that I can apply, but you should also at least have a scar or something to show where your mind used to be. You should have been fair and square with me and told me in the first place that you were destitute of anything of the kind. That was the way to treat a fellow-man who has never harmed you in any way." He then strode out of my apartments.

8. If you will run your tongue out so that I can see it from where I now sit as I pen these lines I will answer your questions cheerfully, on receipt of New York draft for \$75. On receipt of that amount I will also furnish you with information which may save your life. It will explain how you may live to a good old age and evade the foot-killer as I have done.

Your friend and well-wisher.
BILL NYE.

P. S.—Please write frequently. It gives you experience and does not offend me very much.

B. N.

THE PAY OF WRITERS.

S. S. McClure, the man who runs the syndicate which furnishes short stories for the papers, says that he gets an immense amount of trash, of course, and an average of one hundred and fifty stories a week. Out of this number he finds it difficult to select as many as he needs that are suitable for his purpose.

The trouble being that writers either make their manuscript too long or do not hit a popular idea. He pays prices all the way from \$30 to \$500 a story, according to its merits, the average price being about \$50. Mr. McClure says that the author who receives the largest compensation is W. D. Howells, who will not write except upon special contract, and fixes his own figures, according to the length of time spent upon his contribution. Mark Twain will not write at all for anybody. He is so rich that he does not have to, and is so careful of his reputation that he will not run the risk of damaging it. Once in a while he sits down and writes something when he happens to be in the mood, and can then command any price he wants.

With these exceptions, the authors receiving the highest prices are Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Barnett, Bret Harte, J. T. Trowbridge, G. W. Cable, who usually gets \$50 for every thousand words. Edward Everett Hale, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Joel Chandler Harris, and some others get \$30 a thousand words, while Boyesen, G. Parsons Lathrop, and Julian Hawthorne stand in the next grade, and get from \$15 to \$25 per thousand words.

The other day Mr. McClure paid Sidney Lusk, a new author, who has recently developed, \$200 for a short story, and has also paid other unknown writers a similar amount, but when a new candidate for literary honors comes in the price usually offered for the first contribution is not over \$25.

THE MIGHTY DOLLAR.

Pensions called for \$14,000,000 during November.

The Leadville mines have produced \$110,000,000 to date.

The French government costs 463,000 francs, or about \$90,000 an hour.

King Kalakana bought \$3,000 worth of fireworks in San Francisco last week.

The shrinkage in national bank circulation during this year is put at \$56,000,000.

Francis Palms, the Detroit millionaire, left only \$2,000 for charitable purposes.

Mrs. James G. Fair not only got a divorce, but she got \$4,000,000 of her husband's money.

Capitalists in Australia are talking of laying a cable to British Columbia at a cost of \$10,000,000.

It is believed that the Chinese in California "saw" from \$1,000 to \$2,000 in silver dollars every week.

Ballet dancing is a pretty good business when you once get the hang of it. Thus Maure, the exponent of the Spanish fandango, gets \$10,000 a year. Rosatti gets \$12,000 and Sabra \$6,000.

The Bavarian authorities are getting money to pay the mad King's debts by permitting people to inspect his palace at an admission fee of fifty cents. In this way \$100,000 has been raised already.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN CITY.

How Tanis Grew, Developed and Fell Into Ruin.

Harper's Magazine.

Upon some spot of rising ground above the level of the annual inundation a few mud huts cluster round a rude sanctuary. The hut dwellers multiply, the village spreads, the sanctuary is enlarged or rebuilt. As time goes on the village becomes a town, the town becomes a city and the temple, enriched by successive generations of kings, governors and pious donors, becomes a vast historical aggregate of chapels, halls, courts, avenues, pylons and sacred enclosures. By and by, whether ravaged by foreign foes or shattered by some convulsion of nature, the splendid structure falls into partial ruin. Hereupon the degenerate princes of a latter age, careless of the past and eager to raise a memorial of their own uneventful rule, lay profane hands upon the monuments of their great predecessors, cut them up for building material and use them in the construction of debased imitations of earlier schools. This process, in all probability, is again and again repeated. Not merely stones, but statues, sphinxes, obelisks, are appropriated and reappropriated, worked and reworked, till at last there comes a time of disruption and change, when the old religion is abolished and the images of the gods are cast down and the very language of the inscriptions is forgotten. After this, the sacred places become quarries for the builders of Coptic churches, Arab mosques and the palaces of Turkish governors. Meanwhile the actual city, consisting of labyrinthine lanes of mud built dwellings, gradually disappears. The spacious houses of the rich, the hovels of the poor, crumble, collapse and resolve themselves into mounds of dust and potsherds. Such is the local history of hundreds of ancient Egyptian sites and such is the history of Tanis.

A hundred years ago, the grave of this dead city was yet inviolate. Then, as now, the great sand island was heaped high with desolate piles of reddish brown rubbish. Then, as now, those mounds enclosed a low, level area of large extent like the bed of a dry lake, or the crater of an extinct volcano.

The traveler, who—once, perchance, in a doleful—scaled these crumbling slopes and down into that area, beheld at his feet an undulating waste enclosed by what at first sight looked like a quadrangular rampart of earthenworks, but which proved, on closer inspection, to be the remains of an extraordinarily massive wall built of sun dried bricks. The space thus bounded was strewn with ruins.

Such was the aspect of the place when surveyed in 1798 by the engineers of the great French expedition. Meanwhile there was war in Egypt, in India, in Europe, on land, on sea—universal war, followed in 1815 by universal peace. The rich, the learned, the adventurous, the speculative, were once more free to travel and the world was speedily overrun by tourists and traders. The picture market and the antiquity market, both long dormant, started into new and vigorous life. In Egypt the soil was strewn with treasures which it was not only profitable but praiseworthy to rescue from the destructive propensities of native fallahs and Turkish pashas. A host of depredators laid hands accordingly upon every movable object within their reach and the collections so amassed were sold for enormous sums to crowned heads and wealthy virtuosi. Thus were founded the great Egyptian galleries of our European museums.

THE HUMAN FAMILY.

Philadelphia Record.

The human family living today on earth consists of about 1,450,000,000 individuals; not less, probably more. These are distributed over the earth's surface so that now there is no considerable part where man is not found. In Asia, where he was first planted, there are now approximately about 800,000,000, densely crowded on an average 120 to the square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, not so crowded but everywhere dense and over populated. In Africa there are 210,000,000. In America, North and South, there are 110,000,000, relatively thinly scattered and recent. In the islands, large and small, probably 10,000,000. The extremes of the white and black are as five to three; the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate brown and tawny. Of the race 500,000,000 are well clothed, that is, wear garments of some kind to cover their nakedness; 700,000,000 are semi-clothed, covering inferior parts of the body; 250,000,000 are practically naked. Of the race, 500,000,000 partially furnished with the appointments of civilization; 700,000,000 in huts or caves with no furnishing; 260,000,000 have nothing that can be called a home, are barbarous and savage. The range is from the topmost round—the Anglo Saxon civilization, which is the highest known—down to naked savagery. The portion of the race lying below the line of human condition is at the very least three-fifths of the whole or 900,000,000.

MOST EXCELLENT.

J. J. Atkins, Chief of Police, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "My family and I are beneficiaries of your most excellent medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; having found it to be all that you claim for it, I desire to testify to its virtue. My friends to whom I have recommended it, praise it at every opportunity." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup and every affection of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Trial bottles free at W. H. Kittredge's drug store. Large size \$1.00.

BRACE UP.

You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with headache, you are dizzy, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whiskey, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alternative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at Kittredge's drug store.

Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had."

W. T. Balcom, Shirley Village, Mass.

"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others."

LETTIS BURBANK, Biddeford, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *continuation* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. K. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." T. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.

This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 125 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for \$1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula.

SULPHUR BITTERS is the only best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Do not ever take BLUE PILLS or mercury, they are dead BATTERIES. It is your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS that matters what fills the purest and best. You use medicine ever made. Sulphur Bitters!

Is your Tongue Coated? Don't wait until you are unable to swallow. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS. It matters what fills the purest and best. You use medicine ever made. Sulphur Bitters!

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Is your Tongue Coated? Don't

A. M. AUSTIN
Surgeon and Mechanical De
241 MAIN ST. ROCKLAND

CHRISTMAS —AND— NEW YEARS

—AT— E. B. HASTINGS

Specialties for the
Holidays!

WE SHALL OPEN ON
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 8,
THE LARGEST STOCK OF
Christmas and New
Year's Goods

WE HAVE EVER SHOWN

We have taken the whole of our
large Center Counter for Christmas
Goods which will give customers a
nice chance to see the large display.

We shall show the largest line of
Silk Handkerchiefs ever shown in
this city.

Elegant Toilet Sets from \$2.50 to
\$11.00 each.

We have a large assortment of
Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Books, Plush
Mirrors, Scones, etc.

We shall show the largest line of
New Christmas cards both plain and
fringed, ever shown here.

Everything new in Calendars and
Leaflets, something new and never
shown here before.

100 dozen *Fancy Towels*—bought
expressly for the Christmas trade.

10 pieces *Fancy Colored Plushes*,
19 inches wide, only \$1 per yard.

10 pieces *Fancy Colored Satin*,
only 50 cents a yard.

We have some very handsome
Beaver Sets—just the thing for a
nice present. Also Beaver Fur by
the yard.

SILK UMBRELLAS with Silver and
Gold Trimmed Handles, from \$2.25
to \$3.00. These goods are only
about half-price and will be found
a great bargain.

We have Four Cases of White
and Colored Blankets. They are
big bargains. We are selling a large
size White Blanket for \$1 a pair.

Plush Cloaks!

We are selling Plush Cloaks at
\$20, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40, \$45 and \$50.
We are offering extra bargains in
these goods and have them in all
sizes.

We shall make reductions on all
our Cloaks and this will be a splen-
did chance to get a bargain.

SHAWLS

We are showing an immense stock
of shawls in all qualities.

DRESS GOODS!

We have a full line of colored
wool, 40-inch wide, worth
10 cents, which we are selling for
5 cents.

A line of Black Dress Goods
at low prices during the Holi-

day stock in all departments was
so complete as now. Call and
see the new novelties

E. B. Hastings

THOMASTON.

Miss Lizzie Levensaler is in Boston.
Jesse H. Strong is at home from sea.
C. A. Leighton is again on the road.
O. P. Watts, Bowdoin College is at home.
Henry Sullivan, mate of ship A. D. Snow, is
at home.

Mrs. Edgar Stackpole is visiting her parents
in Boston.

Alvin Carlo who has been in Mass. the past
year is in town.

Mrs. E. L. Dillingham has returned from a
protracted visit to Boston.

Will Dunbar, who has been at sea in ship
J. B. Thomas, is in town.

Del. Gay, who recently arrived home, is at
the house of his father, Mill River.

John Dizer, Jr., who has been sailmaker of
ship A. G. Ropes, has arrived home.

Capt. R. B. Anderson is at home from
Kansas City, to remain until after Christmas.

Capt. H. H. Williams made a visit to New
York last week on business relating to his ship.

Mrs. Wm. J. Robbins, Beechwoods street,
fell down cellar Sunday and sprained her ankle
badly.

George Hanly, who has been sailmaker of
ship A. D. Snow the last voyage, has returned
home.

Capt. D. J. Hodgman, who has been master
of ship St. Paul the last voyage has arrived
home.

F. E. Gilchrist, U. S. mail agent who has
been sick with fever, will resume his duties
Jan. 5th.

Miss Jessie Crawford is in charge of the
telegraph office during the absence of Miss Hat-
tie Tillson.

Thomaston's famous "sheep" case is settled
and the community takes a rest on this topic of
discussion.

The fortnightly "literary" of the Congrega-
tional society occurred Friday evening. Re-
freshments were served.

Rev. C. B. Bessie's sermon next Sunday after-
noon, is on the "Empty Pocket-book." All
are invited to hear him.

The United States Supreme Court has just
denied a rehearing on the Pacific Bank cases.
The stockholders have now no other recourse
except to submit to the final decree.

Rev. J. W. Strout delivered an interesting
lecture on "Socrates," Sunday evening. The
excellent music of the regular church choir
was a pleasing feature of the services.

Mrs. Isabella P. Starr, who resides with her
daughter Mrs. Ernest Jones in Spencer, Mass.,
has recently received very severe wounds of
the head by reason of a fall. She is upwards
of 80 years of age, and has been nearly blind
for a few years past.

The papers report that the members of the
Maritime Exchange, New York, last week,
contributed \$809 for the families of First
Officer B. J. Henry and the four sailors of the
steamer Knickerbocker, who were drowned at
sea on December 7th, in attempting to rescue
the crew of a disabled schooner. We shall
publish next week interesting testimony with
regard to the memory of the good deeds of
Capt. Henry.

The travelling public will be pleased to learn
that E. C. Andrews, the popular proprietor of
the Clinton House, Thomaston, has secured the
assistance of Walter Brown in the manage-
ment of this well known hostelry for the in-
coming season of 1887. Mr. Brown brings to
this position a deservedly high reputation as a
hotel man, and the guests of the house can but
congratulate themselves upon this acquisition
as one who will enhance their interests by his
efficiency, gentlemanly courtesies and hospita-
ble manner. We predict this event as fruit-
ful of success to the Clinton and the placing of
the right man in the right place.

VINALHAVEN.
Now is the time for the bursting of small
savings banks.

A. I. Manter, who has been at work in
Quincy, Mass., is here to spend the holidays.

Sch. Mollie Rhodes is discharging coal for
B. G. Co. She will load out stone at the Sands
for Harlem River bridge, N. Y.

A masked ball is advertised to be held in
Town hall Christmas eve. Numerous costumes
are being prepared and a large company is ex-
pected to attend.

We are pleased to hear that our young friend,
Andrew Piece, is recovering from the serious
injury he received some months ago. We hope
to see him out among us again shortly.

G. G. Webster has bought a two-masted
steamer into the harbor for the first time Fri-
day, and looks a trim, powerful little boat of
some twenty odd tons. Mr. Webster is going
into the fish trade, and will be found at the
wharf with his success in this new undertaking.

A few of the street lamps have been lighted
during the week to the great convenience of
pedestrians. We miss the one in front of
John Lowe's residence. The sidewalk in this
locality from the depth of the channel, re-
quires very cautious walking and the lamp
there last winter was a great help. We hope it
will be replaced.

Next Sunday Christmas services will be held
in the Union church. Rev. Dr. Penny will
preach in the afternoon. In the evening the
Sunday school children will render a number
of Christmas carols, which are being taught
them by Miss Emma Roberts. These services
will be highly interesting, and ought to be well
attended.

The Sunday evening services in the church
vestry are largely attended. Dr. Penny de-
livered his sermon, with a grace of language
and force of reason that was very refreshing.
We were sorry he had to curtail it for want of
time. We could well afford the time for such an
intellectual treat. Many are not aware of Dr.
Penny's ability and power as a preacher.

OWL'S HEAD.
Sch. Ira Wight, Howard, will haul up at
Palmit Harbor.

John Speed is in New York at work for an
electric light company.

Electra Snow, Martha Perry, and Lillian
Mace will start for Medford tomorrow.

Ernest Young of Matineus was in the place
Friday last and visited his brother's school.

It would be well for Matineus boys to mind
their wheel when they go around the corner.

Sch. Woodbury M. Snow is moored in the
harbor and Capt. Madocks is having a rest.

Capt. Hiram Small has bought a new boat
especially adapted to his business of trawl
fishing and it is a pretty blue time when
Hiram can't bring in a fare of fish.

Under the direction of the Ladies Aid So-
ciety at Ocean House Wednesday night there
was a Christmas sale and refreshments.
Come every body and help swell the Chapel
fund.

Sch. Lancia, Arey, is hauled up at Smith's
Point. Schs. Elbridge Gerry, and Delaware,
are laid by at same place. Sch. S. W. Brown,
Clifford, is moored in Keag river. Sch. Nauti-
cus, Tolman, arrived yesterday morning from
Boston.

SOUTH THOMASTON.
Amariah Drake has returned home.

Fred Clarke, who has had a barber shop in
Milford, Mass., has sold to Fullerton Wilson,
and returned to this place with his family.

The Methodist Fair took place as advertised,
although the weather was very stormy, yet it
proved a success financially, as about \$40 was
netted.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Morgan gave a party to
the young people of this place last Friday
evening. Dancing and playing games were
the attractions until 10 o'clock when the com-
pany was called to partake of refreshments,
consisting of coffee, doughnuts, crackers, and
huge saucers of ice cream. Mr. and Mrs.
Morgan were excellent entertainers and vied
with each other in making the company enjoy
themselves, to which extent they admirably
succeeded. Those present wish to extend a
vote of thanks to them for their kindness.
Long may they live to give parties.

CAMDEN.

The public schools commence Monday,
Jan. 3d.

Jonas Gleason's new store will be an orna-
ment to the village.

Lane, photographer, has a fine display of
portraits and novelties.

Len. Martin has had a furnace put into his
new house in Elm street.

The Odd Fellows Hall will soon be ready
for them. "Twill be a beauty."

Knowlton Bros. are busy at their foundry
making cars for the Rockport Lime R. R. Co.

Miss Mina Miller is home from Boston, and
Miss Mae Alden from Wellesley College during
the holidays.

Geo. H. Haynes went to Portland Monday.
His guide book of Ranglee Lakes will be dis-
tributed next week.

J. B. Bowman of Warren has opened the
store in Gleason's building and will try to get
an honest living selling groceries.

Miss Annie Andrews, Rockport, has charge
of the fancy goods department in the new
store of J. H. Simonton & Co.

Local talent present the drama "Lords of
Creation" in Megunticook Hall, Wednesday
evening. Give them a good house.

There is to be a grand masquerade Christ-
mas Eve, in Megunticook Hall. Everyone is
invited to come and bring their "best girl."

Among the parties who are having houses
finished this month are John Andrews, Union
street, and Frank M. Young, Bay View street.

Miss Minnie Parker, Camden, will have a
fine display of shell work in the window of
L. J. Wheelden, Rockland, during the holi-
days.

Capt. Justin Sherman has returned from
New York. Rumor says his knowledge of
nautical matters fits him for the deputy col-
lectorship here.

Capt. Ezra Bramhall is busy at work on
steam launches at his place of business, and it
is worth one's while to visit him there and see
the fine work. The captain can build a yacht
and sail it, also paint a landscape in a manner
'twould do credit to one of the old masters, as
some of his fine Camden views prove.

Dr. H. B. Eaton returned home from New
York last week. He has been making his annual
tour of the hospitals and medical schools to see
the latest discoveries in surgery and medicine;
also to purchase the latest medical works and
instruments to add to his already extensive col-
lection. The doctor believes in progression, and
keeps up with the times.

H. Price Webster entertained the citizens
with some fine dramas last week here and at
Rockport. All who went were pleased with
the scenic effect and with the acting of his
first class artist. Webster is a host in him-
self, and when supported by his talented wife
and sterling company can but please the public.
We wish him success and may his shadow
never be less.

Chas. W. Osborne of Boston is in town....
C. W. Atkins is about again.... D. P. Miller is
meeting with good success in his singing
school.... H. Price Webster and troupe went
to Belfast Saturday.... Hon. E. E. Richards
was at home last week.... Mr. and Mrs.
Clarence Adams went to Worcester, Mass., on a
visit Monday.... Col. James S. Cleveland has
a fine display of holiday goods.... Frank E.
Russell is at home during the holidays....
Dr. O. W. Stone is gaining slowly.... Mrs.
Capt. Isaac Colburn is quite ill.

Capt. Wm. T. O'Brien of schooner A. T.
Ropes arrived at Brooklyn, Monday, with the
body of his dead wife on board, which he
wished to forward to Camden, and applied to
the Brooklyn board of health for a permit,
which was refused on the ground that the cause
of her death was not sufficiently established.
Capt. O'Brien then went over to New York and
in order that the New York authorities might
have jurisdiction, returned and unmoored his
vessel. Then he made formal application for a
permit to land the body, and was allowed to take
the remains to Maine for burial.

WARREN.
Corn is arriving freely of late.

Cyrus Eaton of Marlboro is at the old home-
stead.

We shall soon hear of some fine trotting on
the pond.

The shoe shop boys begin to have a smile on
their faces.

James Fuller died Dec. 16 at the north-west
part of the town.

The boys are getting their smelt houses in
order for frost-bite.

Our selectmen, by vote of the town, keep
our sidewalks clear of snow.

Rev. G. M. Buzzell lectured on astronomy in
the Baptist vestry, Friday evening.

Mr. Lane, of the firm of Allen & Lane of
Boston, was in town one day last week.

Edwin Smith made a flying visit from Boston
to attend the organization of the new company.

The Cong'l society hold their apron sale
Tuesday evening, at which the ladies will have
refreshments for sale, etc.

The New Mill Co. was organized here last
week to do business in New Hampshire. Ed-
win Smith was chosen president.

The rush at Brown's drug store for Christ-
mas presents is explained in two ways: His
store is in a house, and his of the bride's father,
down to suit the times. Prices will tell, and
people will tell the prices.

John Clark has been examined by Doctors
Wakefield and Levensaler, and adjudged that
he would be better cared for at some institution,
but his friends rather hesitate about the
movement at present.

Another of our young ladies has passed
away. Miss Hattie Kinton, after a protracted
illness, died Wednesday morning, aged 21
years. Funeral services were held in the Baptist
church Friday, Rev. J. H. Barrows officiat-
ing.

News has been received here that Rev. Ira
Leland, a former pastor here, now at Brun-
swick, Me., has died. A contribution will be taken up at the Baptist
church next Sunday for his benefit. We hope
a liberal offering will be made.

Sam'l Richmond and Miss Sadie Mathews,
only daughter of Larry Mathews, were united
in marriage at Belfast to Burhanoy in the
wednesday morning last, by Rev. J. B. Bar-
rows in the presence of friends. They left on
the afternoon train for Marlboro, Mass., to visit
Mr. Richmond's sister, Mrs. F. Jones. We can
only say we congratulate them on their good
choice and hope life's rugged path may be
smoothed for them.

HOPE.
Those in want of a nice dinner would do
well to purchase a few cans of L. P. True's
green beans and peas.

The other morning when Marcellus Metcalf
got up he found where some detestable sneak
had sprinkled Paris green around his door and
water spout.

Mrs. Judson Gould is very low with rheu-
matism, and Mr. Gould suffers very much
with rheumatism, so much so he can hardly
get about his house. It is really a sad case....
Misses Ruby Gould and Ella Adams of Cam-
den called on Mr. Gould last Saturday.

ISLE AU HAUT.
Mr. Desile and son Clarence have gone to
Boston.

School commenced in the Winsom school
house Dec. 6th.

Capt. Lawrence, sch. Trumpet of Rockland,
arrived here Dec. 9th.

John Wentworth gave an entertainment at
W. G. Turner's hall Thursday evening.

Mr. Mossman of Warren who has been working on
the Butler cottage, returned to his home in Vinal-
haven Dec. 2nd.

ROCKVILLE.
A Christmas tree and concert is in prepara-
tion.

NORTH UNION.

F. U. Richardson is employed as penman at
the Stone school.

The Grand Trunk is as accommodating to
the students as ever.

John Upham recently killed a hog that
weighed 597 pounds.

Miss Annie Layr recently slipped and fell
receiving a severe sprain.

The pupils of district No. 7 have recently
had a picture of themselves and building taken.

Charles Simmons who was kicked so badly
by a horse, has recovered so that he has gone
to work.

A very interesting term of school under the
instructions of L. R. Morton is about to close
in district No. 7.

The snow fell in great quantities Thursday
night completely blocking the roads so that
the school was closed and the children were
Thursday night the farmers turned out with
their oxen and sleds to haul the pupils home
from school.

Mrs. Parker Messer visited at J. Upham's
last week.... A. M. Fosset has returned from
the island and will stop at home this winter
.... Vinal Messer moves this week on the
place he purchased of Mr. Smalley. We are
sorry to lose him.... Uncle Gilbert is some-
what improving in health.... Ella Esancy has
been ill for the past week.

SOUTH UNION.
Charles Vaughn is at work in the foundry.

Joseph Thurston and family are boarding
with Daniel Harding.

Jesse Drake has moved into his house here,
and is at work in the factory as pressman.

Work is still slack in the pant factory, but
business is expected to boom after the holi-
days.

A Christmas gathering will probably be held
at the school-house Thursday or Friday even-
ing, with a Christmas tree.

UNION.
The G. A. R. Club will hold a Christmas
festival and tree at the town hall Friday evening.
Good entertainment is being prepared.

The gentlemen connected with the Cong'l
circle will give a hat supper in the vestry Wed-
nesday evening, Dec. 29, at six o'clock. It is
to be hoped a large number will be out and see
how handy the gentlemen can handle the dish
cloth.

GREEN'S LANDING.
No trace of the young man Small has yet
been found.

Arrived Monday from Boston, sch. Florence
E. Tower, Knowlton.

Singing school commenced last week with
about 35 pupils, Mr. Peakes, teacher.

Capt. Swansy Gross, whose death is reported
elsewhere, was a very honest and much re-
spected man, a christian and neighbor, who
will be greatly missed in this vicinity. Every
one who knew him was a friend to him. Fri-
day a boat was found at Stinson's Neck sup-
posed to be his, but on examination it proved
to be another, so the manner of his death is
and probably will be a mystery.

WILEY'S CORNER.
Sch. Diadem has hauled up for the winter.

J. A. Ewell slaughtered a spring pig which
weighed 297 pounds.

Adam B. Kellogg is putting up a new front
chimney to his house.

A singing school is talked of in this place
among the younger people.

There is the usual amount of hay hauling
through this place this fall.

Sch. Telegraph, Keller, has arrived from
Portland and will go into winter quarters.

Our blacksmith is having quite a run of
work at present, shoeing and sharpening horses.

Eugene and Warrenton Gilchrist are work-
ing for George Green of So. Thomaston, at the
stone cutting trade.

CUSHING.
Frank M. Robinson has arrived home from
Boston.

Luc. Woodcock is making another visit to
Mr. Monroe's, Union.

A dramatic club from South Waldoboro is
billed to give an entertainment in Town Hall.
The Sunday-school will not indulge in a
Christmas concert this year, as they have years
previous.

Capt. James Thompson is attending court in
Rockland as grand juror and Edward Sher-
man as traverse juror.

All the schools in town have commenced the
winter term. That in district No. 2, also the
one in district No. 3 began the 13th. Miss
Alice McLachlan is teaching in the school of
the former and F. M. Rivers of this town the
latter.

There will be a social gathering in the par-
sonage Friday evening, Dec. 24th. Some call
this affair a pious, but not liking the
idea of a social gathering in connection with
our pastor we will call it a donation. This will
be the first thing of the kind given by our peo-
ple to Bro. Newbert since he came among us. We
think there should be a large attendance and
that each one should contribute whatever they
are able to our worthy pastor.

THE NARROW GAUGE.
Our Liberty Man Again Takes Up the
Cudgel of Progress.

LIBERTY, Dec. 17th, 1886.

EDITOR C. G.—Several years ago I wrote a
few articles with relation to a narrow gauge
railroad down the Georges Valley to your
city. They caused some little ripple at the
time, and several of the business men of Rock-
land admitted the feasibility of the project
including R. R. Commissioner Mortland, but
no person then seemed fit to give me a lift in the
matter. I then showed beyond a reasonable
doubt that 15,000 tons of freight would go
over that road annually from Liberty, South
Montville, Seaboard and the country adjacent
thereto, to say nothing of the vast business
between Seaboard and Rockland. The
question now is: Would a road of that kind
pay? I wish to submit a few facts:

The Belfast branch of the Maine Central
railroad, from Belfast to Burnham is about
the same distance that it is from Liberty to
Rockland, 30 miles. That road is broad
gauge, and the Maine Central pays a yearly
rental of \$36,000 a year. The report of the
officers of the branch for the present year
states that the freight transported over the road
is much greater than ever before, and it is but
15,000 tons, at an average of about two dollars
per ton, and a passenger list of about 19,000 at
an average of about \$1.25 each. Yet the net
earnings of that road are about \$15,000, \$19,000
more than the rental which must leave a
handsome net profit, after paying all running
expenses. Perhaps the passenger list on this
proposed road would not be as great as on the
Belfast road, but it is a well known fact that
the scenery is very fine in this section, and the
locality exceedingly healthful, and summer
visitors would be attracted here in great num-
bers while excursion trains could be run every
day in summer months. But the freight
would be more than double that on the Belfast
and Burnham road, for the reason that there
are no manufactures on the Belfast road ex-
cept that of clothing at Brooks, and that
business can be done anywhere on the line of
any road, as no water power is required. On
the proposed road, however, there is good
water power on every mile of the route, and
great things are possible, if the people will
take hold of it.

The proposed road being narrow gauge
would cost about one-fourth as much as the
Belfast road and of course would be a much
better investment on that account. If it would
not earn but \$12,000 a year, it would be a good
investment. A road of that kind would cost
about \$200,000 and what was received for
carrying the U. S. mails would be 1 per cent.
of the cost of the road.

Read and ponder ye men of money.
J. O. JOHNSON.

SUPREME JUDICIAL.

What Our Legal Lights Have Done
the Past Week.

The December term of the Supreme Judicial
Court commenced Tuesday, with Judge Dan-

HANDSOME ENOUGH.

A Depot That Does Credit to the City and the Road.

Yesterday noon a big crowd gathered at the new depot to witness the incoming of the first regular train to steam down to the new depot. Visitors to the new buildings found everything that the most fastidious traveling man could desire in the way of comfortable and elegant quarters.

The passenger accommodations are on the southern side of the track, the depot proper being flanked at the ends by long covered platforms. The platform awnings and depot are painted in colors with peacock blue ceilings, lemon stripe and yellow body, while a sort of Scotch plaid bordering gives the whole thing a neat and tasty look.

The gentleman's room is in the western end of the depot, the ladies' in the eastern portion, with a neat and commodious ticket office between. The waiting rooms are finished in oak and stained woods, with hard pine floor and are lighted by cathedral glass windows that give a rather rich and pleasant cast to the interior. Handsome chandeliers, mirrors, and substantial furnishings go to make up very handsome rooms, while furnace heat and modern lavatories and water closets are no unimportant feature of the arrangements. The Maine Central, with all its wealth has not so nice a depot from Vancoboro to Portland. The public owes a deep debt of gratitude to President Berry, Superintendent White and other officials of the road, who have given us such an elegant depot. Across the track is the large and handy freight depot.

Promptly on time the noon train rounds the curve and comes whistling down the grade to the new landing-place. Engine Thomaston pulls the train, with Engineer Charles Tabor holding the rudder, as it were, and Fireman Newell Shuman ringing the bell. Superintendent White and Conductor Hooper smile from the platform of the first car, while Baggage Master Warren, Glidden and Brakeman Frank Hooper make up the crew of this the first arrival. About 75 passengers alight, the crowd smiles and thinks it's nice, and all is pleasurable excitement.

It was a hard fight. People wouldn't be convinced. Our public-spirited citizens got the stockholders over here and talked to 'em. They went over to Bath and talked to 'em there. They proved by algebra, astronomy and psychology that the depot should come down. The COURIER-GAZETTE said that it must come down. It's down. We have a handsome depot that's good enough for anybody. Shake!

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD
THE CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC HEALING PHYSICIAN

For the mind and body of all diseased persons, has permanently located in Rockland. Office over Smith & Ludwig's market, at the Brook, opposite THE COURIER-GAZETTE office.

Any lady can obtain Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's pamphlet "Guide to Health," by sending a stamp to Lynn, Mass., also a photograph of Mrs. Pinkham.

WE HAVE A LARGE LINE OF
PHOTO-GRAVURES
Published by Nichols & Handy, New York.
Prices from \$10.00 to \$20.00.

With this addition to our stock of Pictures, we have one of the best lines of first class work in this part of the state. Circulars giving description, free. Orders taken for frames. Call and examine.

At Wheelden's Music Store,
ROCKLAND.
C. F. SAWTELLE, Manager.

Good Raisins 7c per lb., 4 lbs. for 25c.
Choice New Raisins only 10c per lb.
Extra choice Muscatel Layer and Seedless Raisins.
Fancy Currants and Citron at Bottom Prices.
New Leaf Sage only 10c per qr.
Spices of all kinds in bulk, strictly pure, extra large and strong.

Why put up with adulterated spice when you can get the pure article. Give our spices a trial and you will use no others.

BICKNELL TEA CO.,
319 MAIN STREET.For Christmas!
And New Years!PURINGTON
THE JEWELER

Has his usual Elegant Line of NEW GOODS in

WATCHES,
CHAINS,
RINGS—all kinds,
LOCKETS,
BRACELETS,
CHARMS, &c.

OPERA GLASSES,
Diamonds,
In Rings, Studs, Pins, &c.

SILVER WARE,
CLOCKS,
Carving Knives and Forks.

Everything Useful and Ornamental.

Purchasers of Holiday Goods should certainly call and examine my elegant line.

W. M. PURINGTON,
301 Main Street.

Marine Department.

Sch. Catawanteak, Perry, sailed Sunday. Ice in the Potomac is reported to be quite troublesome.

Sch. Nile, Manning, goes to Pulpit Harbor to go into winter quarters.

Sch. Lucy Ames, Melvin, is hauled up at Ames' wharf for the winter.

Sch. Ella Pressy, Nash, is bound to Hurricane with coal from New York.

Sch. Alfred Keene, Greeley, arrived Saturday from Boston. She will repair.

Sch. Mollie Rhodes, Dobbin, is on Vinal-haven, loading stone for New York.

Sch. G. W. Glover, Morton, loads lime from A. J. Bird & Co. for New York.

Sch. Richmond, Merriman, is here with coal from New York for H. H. Hall & Co.

Sch. Luella A. Snow, Rowe, sailed Sunday, came back, and sailed again yesterday.

Sch. Catawanteak, Perry, was loaded Saturday from Perry Bros. for Charleston.

Sch. J. Nickerson, Winslow, of Portland, is loading lime from Farnum, Spear & Co.

Sch. Arcularius, Strout, arrived at Hyannis the 12th inst. from New York with corn.

Sch. Jennie S. Hall, Hall, arrived in New York Saturday, with hard pine from Ship Island.

Sch. Mabel Hall, Bartlett, has gone into winter quarters at Wharf's Quarry, Vinal-haven.

Capt. Ambrose Snow of New York is in Washington, to aid in the defeat of the Dunn free ship bill.

Steamer Hurricane and sloop Island Belle were tugged to Hurricane Sunday to haul up for the winter.

Schs. Corvo, Emma L. Gregory, Lady of the Ocean and other local craft are hauled up for the winter.

Sch. E. G. Willard, Pinkham, has hauled up for the winter at New London. Capt. Pinkham is at home.

Sch. Fannie Whitmore is at Portland discharging coal from Charleston. Capt. Whitmore is at home.

Sch. Mary A. Power is at Boston discharging cyprus wood from Mobile. Capt. Pillsbury has been at home.

Sch. Alfaretta Campbell, Campbell, before reported at Annapolis, damaged by ice, has returned and proceeded.

Nothing new has been heard from Sch. D. H. Ingraham, ashore at Hereford Inlet, N. C. Capt. Mullen is expected home daily.

Joseph H. Carleton, of Rockport, has become associated with the shipchandlery firm of Storer & Tyler, on South street, New York.

Sch. John Girard, Joy, arrived in Rockport Saturday with corn from Boston. The schooner will go into winter quarters at Pulpit Harbor.

Capt. F. D. Waldo and other Thomaston owners in the bark Sonntag have sold their interest to Capt. Charles Haskell of Auburndale, Mass.

Sch. James Boyce, Jr., Duncan, is on the way to Bath, coal-laden from Baltimore. Capt. Duncan's wife and daughter accompany him on the trip.

Ship Alfred D. Snow, Capt. Willey, of Thomaston, arrived in New York last week, 39 days from Liverpool with salt, consigned to Snow & Burgess.

Sch. Abbie Walker, Watts, is on the passage from Philadelphia to Brazil with machinery, going thence to Maracaibo to load tustic for the North of Hatteras.

S. T. Murrledge has just completed a new suit of sails for sch. Gracie Young. The schooner has had her flying jib removed, and now carries a fore-staysail and jib.

Sch. Commerce, Hodgdon, at Norfolk with missing sails, has nearly repaired damages, and will sail for Charleston in a few days. She is lime-laden from Perry Bros.

Sch. Luella A. Snow, Rowe, was at South Railway wharf, Saturday, ready to sail for Annapolis, N. S., to load lumber at \$6.50 per M. for one of the Windward Islands.

Bark Nicholas Thayer, Capt. Robert Crosby of Thomaston, has been sold to San Francisco parties for \$10,000. Capt. Crosby and wife are on their way home to Thomaston.

Notice is given that the bell buoy off Camden harbor, Me., has been replaced by a spar buoy, and the bell buoy off Sheep Porcupine Island, Frenchman's Bay, Me., removed for the winter season.

Sch. Sardinian, Hatch, arrived Saturday from New York, and is now hauled up until the winter blasts shall give place to spring's gentle breezes. The schooner is to receive a new windlass and other repairs.

Our Owl's Head correspondent sends us the following maritime notes from that port: Arrived Dec. 13th, sch. Mary A. Allen, Goldwalte, Rockport for Charleston; Dec. 14th, sch. Mary A. Allen, Goldwalte, Rockport for Charleston; Dec. 15, arrived, Samuel Brown, Clifford, Boston for Rockland; Gertrude L. Trundy, Rockport for Baltimore; Dec. 18, arrived, sch. Mary Langdon, Emery, Newport for Rockland; Richmond, Merriman, New York for Rockland; Dec. 20, arrived, Nautilus, Tolman, Boston, to haul up.

Senator Frye says the confirmation of Mr. Morton to be commissioner of navigation will depend upon the reports received from the ship owners along the coast of Maine, the majority of whom are democrats. A number of these gentlemen have been communicating with and asked to furnish Senator Frye their wishes in the matter. Mr. Frye believes, however, that no opposition will be manifested. He has already heard from Arthur Sewall, one of the largest ship owners in Maine, and that gentleman heartily approves of Mr. Morton's nomination.

Capt. Ambrose Snow and Aaron Vanderbilt, of the Executive Committee of the American Industrial and Shipping League, are industriously working each day for the advancement of this organization. Through constant communication with the ship-owning interests of the United States, they have succeeded in awakening a feeling of encouragement within this class that has brought them out of their lethargic state with a determination to demand from Congress the protection they need to make their calling one of profit, and a powerful arm of the nation's industry as it was in days gone by.

New York.—From the weekly freight circular of Snow & Burgess, under date of Dec. 18, we take the following: There is some inquiry for tonnage to load lumber at Portland and Boston, with the rates quoted \$28.50 to \$30. To Brazil, charters were made early in the week at 62-12 cents upon flour hence, and \$13 upon lumber from Sittula to Rio Janeiro and 80 cents upon flour hence and via Richmond to Bahia. The West India trade shows a slight improvement. To the Windward! some inquiry is reported, but as vessels are offered more freely, rates show a slightly easier tendency. We notice a slight increase in the offerings of outward freight to Cuba, but return cargoes are scarce, and a change in this respect is not anticipated until the opening of the sugar season, which occurs about the last of January. Coastwise lumber rates are weaker in the face of a limited demand for tonnage. Coal rates are quiet, with rates steady. Sch. Annie & Millard, New York to Trinidad, general cargo, \$2,000; Bark Hannah McLean, from Philadelphia to Cardenas, coal, \$130, hoops, \$5, and empty hds., 70 cents; Sch. Gen. A. Ames, from Philadelphia to Savannah, nails, \$140, oil, 40 cents, and boiler on deck, \$100; Sch. Monticello, from Barataria River to Boston, clay, \$130, and discharge; Schs. William Rice and Ann Eliza, from Weehawken to Boston, coal, 85 cents, and discharge; S. B. Race Horse, from Barataria River to Boston, clay, \$2; Sch. Ella Pressy, from Hoboken to Hurricane Island, coal, 90 cents, and discharge.

OCEAN S. S. TICKET.

Tickets via Cunard, Allen and Anchor S. S. line for sale at lowest rates by C. M. Harrington at American Express Office.

A VENTURE.

Baiting the Hooks for a Future Gloucester in Maine.

For a few weeks past a handsome, rakish fishing craft has been lying alongside Tillson's wharf, receiving new sails, now running rigging, and undergoing other changes which betokened something out of the usual course of events. This smart-looking, smart-sailing craft is the Gracie Young of Matineus, a vessel noted for her invariable success as a fisherman. The unusual stir and preparation does mean something, for the fair Gracie is bound for the Grand Banks halibut. Winter fishing with its attendant dangers and hardships is a new venture for a vessel from this vicinity, and the whys and wherefores of the scheme must make interesting reading.

For years Gloucester fishermen have frequented the Banks getting full fares of the marketable halibut, making good "lays" for owners and crews. For some time R. Fred Crie & Co., Rockland's enterprising ship chandlers, have been a-pondering and a-wondering.

"If Gloucester can do this why cannot we? Rockland is two hundred miles nearer the Banks than Gloucester. We have railroad and steamboat facilities, while our fish-houses are better than can be found anywhere else in New England. We have a handy harbor and a good one while the ice for packing purposes is 'growing' right here. Why can't we successfully fit out winter fishermen, or summer fishermen for that matter?"

Such a question is best answered by actual experiment, and the Gracie Young was selected to make the experiment. The Gracie is 84 tons burthen, and built for a fisherman, and as such is a model. Capt. J. W. Whitman of Gloucester and thirteen Gloucester fishermen, bronzed and hardened by contact with wind and water from the cradle up, men who feel safest and most at home with the slender plank of the treacherous dory beneath their feet as they brave the fog, wind, rain, ice and waves of the stormy Banks, man the Gracie. Capt. Whitman has seen 29 years of life, fifteen of which have been spent in fishing along the coast of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. Capt. Whitman is a bright intelligent man, and as he can tell his story better than we can, we'll let him.

"For fifteen years, as I have told you, I have fished in the neighborhood of the Banks, the greater portion of the time being spent halibuting, and if I am not somewhat at home in that locality it's my own fault. We expect to sail from here at once direct from the Banks. Our proposed fishing ground is about eight days sail from here. After reaching the grounds we shall put down our trawls. These trawls are long stretches of line, anchored and buoyed, from which hang baited hooks. We use a 32-pound line with a 14-pound gauge. We use 600 No. 11 hooks to a dory, the hooks being placed on the trawl about two and a half fathoms apart. In halibutting the fishing is done in water any where from 100 to 300 fathoms deep, dories being used to visit the trawls. Codfish, halibut or other fish that we catch are taken for bait.

"We may fish for a fortnight and not catch a halibut, and then strike decently good fishing. We consider 25,000 pounds a very good fare, while 50,000 pounds is an extra good catch. I have been shipmates with 104,000 pounds. That was in eighty-one, when I was in the Gloucester fisherman Plymouth Rock. We got this fare on St. Peter's Banks, a short distance northward of the Grand Banks.

There is nothing particularly exciting about pulling in the fish from the trawls, as there is very little fighting in them when we get them from a hundred fathoms or more of water. The biggest halibut ever carried into Gloucester weighed 434 pounds. We shall take with us about 25 tons of ice with which to pack our catch. When we have secured a fare we shall start directly for this port.

"Yes, we sometimes have thrilling experiences, and thousands of lives have been lost on the Banks. We take our lives in our hands, but so accustomed do we become to the dangers of our calling that we scarcely realize them. Last year I was skipper of the James A. Garfield of Gloucester, halibuting on the Banks. We lost two men on the trip, their dory upsetting in rough weather. I know a case where a dory load of fourteen men became separated from their schooner in rough weather. A gale was blowing and it was impossible for the schooner to heave to to pick up the men, who were in sight. The only way was to run down by them, and throw them a rope. Several times this was tried, and as many times failed. As a last and only resort the dory was run down. Twelve of the fourteen were saved, while the others were lost. It was better to save twelve than to lose fourteen. What our prospects are or what we shall encounter of course we can't tell, but we hope to re-enter Rockland harbor before many weeks with a full fare and an unbroken crew."

That the venture may prove successful is the hearty wish of THE COURIER-GAZETTE. Rockland has everything in its favor as a prospective fishing port. It's not only possible, but highly probable that Rockland may become Maine's Gloucester.

APPLETON.

B. F. Simmons has been awarded an increase of pension.

Artist Pease raised a fine pig this year. At six months and 19 days it dressed 292 pounds. Henry Cummings's pig mentioned last week dressed 397 pounds.

Robecca Ripley is quite sick. Miss Anna Ripley is very sick from throat trouble. B. F. Sprague, who has been out of health for some time, is much better.

People are improving the good sleighing by getting up wood and hauling cask lumber to mill. Capt. Keller has his year's stock of wood up, and is well under way firing it.

At a meeting of David Esner's Post, No. 69, G. A. R., held Dec. 1st the following officers were elected: John Lane, C.; Wm. McLain, S. V. C.; J. T. Peabody, J. V. C.; Jacob McLain, Sergeant; James Lane, Chap.; A. R. Davis, Q. M.; E. H. Hilton, O. B.; S. L. Stepper, O. G.; Randall Wellman, G.; John Stevens, G.; delegates to state encampment, G. H. Page, J. T. Peabody alternate. The Post will hold a two day's fair some time in February.

So we are to lose William O. Jr. Am very sorry as he filled a long felt want in the editorial chair. I sometimes thought he could write as well as I myself (almost). And Herbert is to rattle around in William's chair. Well if William must go good luck to him, and I don't know of a more suitable person to take charge of THE COURIER-GAZETTE than Bert. As he enters the sanctum he can exclaim "I am Lord of all I survey." Think that is not exactly verbatim but in the language of Thomas Jefferson Gushee "You must pardon something to the spirit of ignorance."

TOTAL LOSS.

British schooner Jennie Gibson, Beatman, of St. John's N. B., from Elizabethport for St. John's, struck on the Northern Triangles about five miles south-east of White Head, Tuesday evening at 7.40 o'clock. The vessel and cargo is a total loss, the crew being saved. There was an insurance of \$6000 on the vessel, and \$900 on the cargo of coal.

WOULDN'T LET HIM.

A North-end man wrote a letter to his sister in Boston bidding her farewell, and saying that when she received it he would be no more. Finishing the letter he took a rope and started off on suicide bent. The friends with whom he stopped found the letter and put a stop to the proceedings.

HE WITHDRAWS

But Five Thousand Tons Come in as a Sort of an Offset.

Capt. George Jameson of this city has withdrawn his vessel, the Gen. Adelbert Ames, from the National Association, making one of only four vessels out of 1000 that have withdrawn since November 1st, two of these being engaged wholly in the foreign trade, and one a barkentine.

As an offset Messrs Morse & Co. of Bath have pledged eleven vessels to the association, aggregating 5000 tons register.

ARAL.

F. G. Hastings of Newcastle has sold the gray pacer horse Aral to Massachusetts parties for \$500. Aral was sired by Cheney's Gray Eagle, wagon record 2.31. His first dam was Katie, by Hampton; second dam Kitty, by young Tobin, by Rising Sun; third dam daughter of the George Brigham horse. Aral was formerly owned by A. B. Fales of this place, and was sold by him to Mr. Hastings. He is a rapid pacer, showing a 2.30 gait with little effort.

EMERSON ROKES.

Sidney M. Bird, one of the owners of the schooner Emerson Rokes, ashore at Watch Hill, R. I., returned home from the scene of the disaster last night. He reports the vessel a total loss, the wreckage being sold Saturday for \$1000 gross, subject to heavy salvage. Capt. Marston is expected home today. There was a partial insurance on Capt. Marston's portion of the vessel.

SO SIMPLE

And Still It is Acknowledged to be a Very Big Thing.

The patent car coupler of O. P. Hix has been put on two of the Knox & Lincoln cars, and has been tested in every conceivable way the past week. It has been used with engines, in coupling and uncoupling, and the railroad men, who by the way are exceedingly skeptical in regard to all such inventions, are obliged to admit that it is the simplest and yet the most valuable of any invention of the sort ever tried. Many patents are excellent in theory and unsatisfactory in practice, but this invention seems to be theoretically and practically a success. The two cars with the patent couplers thereon will be taken to Bath, Portland and Boston this week to be inspected by the prominent railroad men of New England.

It seems to us that a Rockland man has devised the first successful patent car coupler.

SPEAR & MAY.

Something Regarding a Big Stock of Beautiful Christmas Presents.

It is safe to predict that during the present week nearly everybody within a radius of thirty miles of Rockland who has a dollar or two to invest in holiday presents, will pay our city a visit. The facilities for getting here never were better. Sleighing is excellent, and hundreds will come by that means, while hundreds more will avail themselves of the special trains running over the Knox & Lincoln.

We likewise think it safe to further predict that all these visitors, searching out the beautiful, will pay a visit to the large and handsome stocked store of Spear & May.

We have before in these columns had occasion to refer to the superb holiday stock of goods which this firm has on display. We do not at this time of course allude to the large and growing jobbing trade which Spear & May have built up, though that is a thing of so large proportions that we might well dwell upon it as an illustration of what can be accomplished by a popular house doing business upon popular principles; but what at this special season is most prominent and that which the public is most interested in is a varied assortment of wares suitable for Christmas presents.

We were to attempt a schedule of the many articles Spear & May have laid in against the coming of present buyers we would find the limits of our columns all insufficient. The range is as great as varied. There is here opportunity to invest five cents or two hundred dollars with equal facility—always supposing that our readers are possessed of at least one of these two sums, or at least something somewhere between.

Do your tastes or the tastes of your friend or relative run to books? Here you can find anything, from single volumes to the complete works of standard authors. Some of the special holiday books, as they are called, are this season more beautiful in illustration and printing than we ever have seen. The array of children's books, suited to ages from three to fifteen, is likewise most attractive. To our mind the book counters of Spear & May furnish one of the most attractive features of their stock.

The term bric-a-brac is so comprehensive in its range that hundreds of varying articles can be included in it. But after all the term itself expresses only faintly what the shelves and show-cases here set forth. There are many hundreds in this vicinity that are going to be rendered most attractive because of the transplanting of some of these things that now make up the stock of Spear & May. Speaking of pictures, for instance, these are not cheap things now to be seen hanging on exhibition but true works of art with appropriate framings that will adorn the choicest home of luxury. And the prices are not exorbitant—indeed when the character of the pictures is taken into account the sums they are marked at seem ridiculously low.

We do not fear for the result of Spear & May's holiday trade. An exhibit such as they are making must attract not only sight-seers but buyers as well.

To be sure these goods are now going rapidly off, but the supply is so large that everybody will have opportunity all the week to find just the article they are most in search of.

FULLER AND COBB

Have made special efforts to procure their part of the

Christmas and New Years Trade

By making particularly Low Prices on many kinds of Staple Goods, and by putting in a large stock of Fancy Articles at medium prices, such as are in demand for Presents.

Please note a few of the quotations that we give below. It is impossible to enumerate but a very small part of such a large stock. As a great favor, we would ask all that can to COME FORENOONS to avoid the great rush that we have every pleasant afternoon between 2 and 5.

SILK PLUSH.

5 PIECES SILK PLUSH AT 85c.

5 PIECES SILK PLUSH AT \$1.00

The same has been selling for from \$1.25 to \$2.00 a yard.

CLOAKS.

One of our \$20 PLUSH CLOAKS will make an extra pleasing present.

10 Plush Cloaks at \$25 as good as sold last season at \$35.

Newmarkets in Black, Brown and cheap goods selling at reduced prices.

Ladies' Jackets marked down to reduce stock before the 1st of January.

Misses' Garments marked down. Ladies' Short Wraps at low prices.

CLOAKINGS.

Remnants of Cloaking at 50c on the dollar. Beaver Cloaking marked down. Boucle Cloaking marked down. Astrachan Cloaking marked down.

FUR TRIMMINGS.

We have the largest assortment of Fur Trimmings ever shown in this city. Otter, Beaver, Hare, Cony, Skunk, Raccoon, Oppossum, Lynx, etc. Also BEAVER BALL TRIMMING and BLACK HARE.

SHAWLS.

A new lot of the new late styles double-faced Velvet Shawls in prices from \$10 to \$15. 10 New Best Quality HIMALAYAN Shawls.

25 Himalayan Shawls at \$5.00. 5 Stripe Cashmere Shawls at half price. A Great Bargain.

DRESS GOODS.

25 Pieces double width, all wool Dress Goods at 37 1-2c worth 50c.

20 Pieces all wool at 50c worth 75c. 5 Pieces all wool, in fancy colors, and Home Spun at 58c, former price \$1.00.

SATINES, PRINTS, &c.

10 Pieces Dark Colored Satines at 9c, former price 12 1-2c. 20 Pieces of Fine Satines at 15c, former price 25c. 10 Pieces of the New Century Print. These are extra heavy and wide. They fill a long-felt want for a good print. 10 New Pieces of the Best Quality of Light Percales.

SILKS.

A New Lot of Failee Francais Silks in Beautiful Shades. 10 Pieces of Colored Satin Rhodamas at \$1.00 a yard. Colored Silks at 75c.

25 Pieces of Fancy Colored Satins.

JOBS.

10 Pieces of Feather Trimming at 19c, former price 62 1-2c.

Ladies' Linen Collars at 9c. A Lot of Beaver Muffs at \$5.00.

A Lot of all Silk Picot Edge Ribbon at about half price.

Lambrequin Poles at 25c. Ladies' Leggings at 25c.

Turcoman Curtains all complete for \$4.00 a pair.

SMALL WARES.

A New Lot of Ladies' Silk Hose. Ladies' Warranted Kids at \$1.25.

Ladies' Undressed Kids. Ladies' Mosquetaire Kids.

A Large Assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hoods.

A New Lot of Jet Fronts at extremely low prices.

Ladies' Knit Jackets all prices. Silk Umbrellas make good presents.

Ladies' and Children's Satchels make nice presents.

A Large Assortment of Wallets. Books at low prices.

Children's Gossamers at 75c and \$1.00. Handkerchiefs from 1c to \$2.00 apiece. Fine Jet Gimps, not to be found elsewhere.

WHITE GOODS, &c.

White Shirts at .50, .75 and \$1.00. A New Lot of White and Colored Quilts.

A New Lot of Lace Serim in Cotton and Linen.

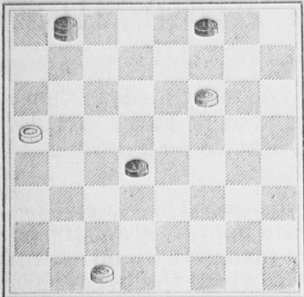
A New Lot of Table Damask. Special Bargains in Napkins.

CHECKERS.

"The unostentatious game of draughts."—Poe.

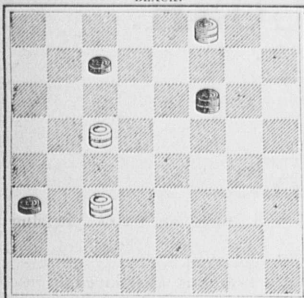
*Good games and original problems solved. Solutions desired. All communications to this column should be addressed to G. W. BROWN, Warren, Maine.

PROBLEM No. 174.
By L. V. Miller, Belfast.
BLACK.



WHITE.
Black to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 175.
By Sturges.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and win.

GAME No. 30. DOUBLE CORNER.

Played in the recent match at Boston, between Messrs. Parrow and Kehoe. The latter played black.

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 8-14 | 4-8 | 7-11 | 16-20 | 19-24 |
| 22-27 | 25-22 | 25-19 | 10-6 | 24-27 |
| 11-15 | 16-20 | 20-24 | 29-24 | 24-27 |
| 25-22 | 24-18 | 15-10 | 6-1 | 10-6 |
| 7-11 | 14-21 | 15-15 | 24-27 | 27-22 |
| 23-19 | 27-18 | 13-6 | 1-6 | 15-10 |
| 6-9 | 26-27 | 2-9 | 27-32 | 32-27 |
| 17-13 | 32-23 | 19-10 | 4-10 | 10-15 |
| 8-7 | 15-24 | 24-27 | 8-11 | 13-17 |
| 26-23 | 28-19 | 10-7 | 3-8 | 22-13 |
| 11-16 | 11-16 | 27-31 | 11-16 | 31-22 |
| 31-26 | 17-14 | 14-10 | 8-11 | 31-22 |
| 8-11 | 10-17 | 9-13 | 16-19 | |
| 29-25 | 21-14 | 18-14 | 10-6 | |
| 1-5 | 16-20 | 11-16 | 32-28 | |
| 22-17 | 19-15 | 7-3 | 6-10 | |

Solution to Problem No. 172.

Black, 13-20-30-31*
White, 10-6-16-21-32*

White to play and win.

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 16-19 | 24-31 | 19-15 | 31-26 | 18-22 |
| 31-26 | 18-22 | 26-17 | 15-18 | 18-22 |
| 13-18 | 33-26 | 21-14 | 26-31 | |

CHECKER NEWS.

The first correct solution to Prize Problem No. 173 was received Thursday P. M. from Mr. Andrew Allen of Rockland, who won the prize. His solution will be given next week.

No correct solution yet received of Prize Problem No. 171. Several incorrect solutions, however, have come to hand.

One of the brightest and most interesting checker columns that comes to our table is that conducted by McCarriek in the *Clinton Tidings*. The column is well edited, and its problems and games are the contributions of some of the best players in the country.

Mr. I. V. Miller of Belfast, writes: "Your Vinalhaven correspondent is correct; 16-20 at 8th move of problem 162 draws. Now will he please show the black win in same problem."

A correspondent from Appleton sends us the following: In Prize Problem No. 161 at 3rd move the man stand thus: Black, 10-6-16-21-32, White, 15-10-24. Mr. Hedder plays 10-14 and says 10-7 only draws. I do not think so. I think I can play 10-7 and win against the strongest play that whites can make. I send you one variation which I think is the strongest:

| | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 10-7 | 24-20 | 16-11 | 10-15 | 16-23 |
| 19-23 | 16-12 | 8-4 | 24-28 | 4-8 |
| 20-16 | 22-17 | 3-7 | 15-19 | 23-19 |
| 28-24 | 23-18 | 18-23 | 28-32 | 8-4 |
| 16-20 | 20-16 | 17-14 | 19-24 | 19-15 |
| 24-19 | 15-11 | 23-19 | 32-28 | 4-8 |
| 20-24 | 7-3 | 14-10 | 11-16 | 7-3 |
| 19-16 | 11-8 | 19-24 | 28-19 | |

[a-12-8 draws.—Ed.]

LIBERAL PRIZES.

To the person sending us the best original problem before the first day of March, 1887, we will give one year's subscription to this paper. To the next best contributed problem, six months' subscription, and to the next best, three months' subscription.

The merits of the several problems to be determined by a committee of five, who will be selected by the editor of this column in the latter part of February. All problems must be original. We offer the above instead of cash prizes because any given amount of money has a certain limited value, but the value of *THE COURIER-GAZETTE* as a family newspaper cannot be estimated. The problems will be published as fast as received. These prizes are worth striving for. Let everybody try.

JOHN HABBERTON'S JOKE.

John Habberton, the author of "Helen's Babies," which created such a furor some time ago, has just published another book of more or less merit. "Habberton is an inveterate joker and an adept French scholar," said a Fifth Avenue man yesterday. "Just about the time 'Helen's Babies' left the press John published an anonymous letter in a New York paper soliciting translations of the following couplet, which he claimed was written by a French poet many years ago:

"Pas de lieu
Rhone que nous.

"Answers came pouring in from all quarters of the country. The literal translation of the lines was invariably in these words:

"Not of place
Rhone than we.

"A dispute then arose among the correspondents as to what the French poet really wanted to say. After a long epistolary duel it was finally agreed that a more graceful translation of the lines would be found in the following words:

"Not farther from
The River Rhone than we.

After Habberton had had his fill of the joke he wrote another letter to the paper, this time over his real name, and showed that

"Pas de lieu
Rhone que nous,

"The pronunciation of the
ge, was
duh f'you
kush noo?"

"Not own credit.

"I went up at the express and found the following correspondents



In the pure soul, although it sing or pray,
The Christ is he who comes from day to day.
The life that knoweth Him shall life apart
And keep eternal Christmas in the heart.
ELIZABETH STUART PHILLIPS.

CHRISTMAS.

Hang up the vine and the holly,
Sign the cross over the door,
That joy coming in with the Christmas,
May go from the place nevermore.

Gather love gifts for the children,
Guard well the mystic way,
That the Christ child comes at the midnight
To bless with bright favors the day.

Bring in good cheer and be merry,
Dance and ring out glad song;
The stars of a Bethlehem desert
Looked down on a Christ happy throng.

Go ye in hovel and highway,
Guests to bring in to the feast;
Angels shall unawares greet ye
In those of the world counteth as least.

Sound the sweet Christ loving anthem—
Echoes will bear it on high—
To the angels made joyous forever
By Christmas of love in the sky.

Bow down and worship the spirit
Of the feast, the invisible King;
Lo! He cometh in scarlet and purple
To gather a world's offering.

MARIE LE BARON.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

A little way up one of the Rhetian Alps, beneath the shade of an old black pine, grew a Christmas rose. The summer had passed, and the short days had come, when the wind blows and the snow flies, and the hard little mountain rose had two buds. "Dear me," fretted the rose, "I wish I could blossom when other plants do. There would be some pleasure in displaying oneself for the dainty blue gentian or the pretty eyebright, but with no one to admire me, I see no use in blooming at all."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the old pine, waving his shaggy arms. "Ho! ho! what a little grumbler. The snow and I will admire you. You are named after the blessed Christ child, and ought to be happy and contented. Push up through the deepening snow, little friend, and expand your buds into perfect blossoms; we were all made for a wise purpose, and we shall know what it is when the time comes if."

Just then the north wind blew so hard the old pine was quite out of breath, and for some reason he never renewed the conversation. "All the world is dead except the pine and me," murmured the rose, "and perhaps I had better follow his advice. If I was made for a wise purpose I shall not be forgotten." So she took good care of her beautiful buds, and the day before Christmas the black pine saw her blossoms, white and perfect, peering up through the white snow.

Now, the two little children of Klotz, the wood cutter, were nearly heartbroken, for their mother was sick, and that morning the kind neighbor who had watched by her side through the night had said, "God pity this home; I fear your mother will die before night." Their father sat by the fireplace, speechless with grief, and answered them neither by word nor look when they crept up to him for comfort. So at last they stole out of the door, and hand in hand, wandered a short way up the mountain side, following the forester's tracks till they came in sight of the old black pine.



FINDING THE CHRISTMAS ROSES.

"If all the mothers in the world were dying that hard old pine would not care," said the boy, bitterly. "Let us go back into the valley, sister; there we will find good people, with kind hearts, while here there is no one to care for us."

"There is one who cares for us even here," cried the sister, spying the Christmas roses, and in a moment she had scraped away the snow and plucked them. "We had forgotten the Christ child, and that to-morrow is His birthday. Let us take the roses to the church, and there pray that our mother's life may be spared."

So they hastened down the mountain to the village church, where they found the good pastor busy trimming the altar for the Christmas festival. He took the flowers and put them, with some feathery moss, into a tall white vase. Then he knelt with the children and prayed for their mother's life, and the roses nodding on their stems smiled as though the gift asked for were already granted. When they returned home their father met them at the door and exclaimed joyfully, "The fever has turned and your mother is better. Thank God."

"The Christmas rose had fulfilled its destiny. Ah, me! the black pine was right. We were all made for a wise purpose, and we shall learn what it is in God's own good time."

"The Christmas rose is not a rose, it belongs to the family Heleborus, black Heleborus, so called from the color of its roots. Its large white flowers are produced in winter, and it grows only in cold climates. The flowers are white or tinged with red."

God rest ye, little children; but nothing you afright.
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this

happy night.
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay.
When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas day.

AN EDITOR'S CHRISTMAS.

This is Mr. Worthington's story just as he told it to a number of us one Christmas evening at his house. Mr. Worthington isn't Mr. Worthington at all in real life, but a very famous man whose tongue and pen carry great weight.

My first journal was a country weekly in Doonville. A "drowsy and fearless" journal, was the way my kindly disposed contemporaries spoke of it in their "able" pages. Its name was the Trumpet, and I speak only the plainest truth when I say that it gave forth no uncertain sound. I was a very young man and very ambitious. I thought I knew exactly what a forceful weekly newspaper should be, and I hadn't the least doubt of my capacity to construct and manipulate such an engine of reform and advancement. That is the way of the very young, God bless them. Before they have had a hand to hand encounter with life they feel so strong and confident they believe they can do anything, and this very belief, mark you, is what makes the phenomenal successes we so often admire and wonder at. The Spaniards have a proverb, "He who expects good luck will get it," and it is as true a sentence as ever was penned. Believe you can do anything, and you can, if any one can do it. Success, like the art of swimming, is largely a matter of confidence.

I worked very hard on the Trumpet. I was business man, editor and staff. I had very decided ideas in regard to bettering the world, and started out with the praiseworthy intention of extinguishing several "giant wrongs," under which I plainly saw that society suffered. We all have the reformatory spirit much stronger in us in youth than later on, for the reason, perhaps, that we haven't fully measured the strength of our antagonist, the existing system of things. I was sincerely anxious to thoroughly represent all worthy local interests. To that end I scoured Doonville night and day, and "wrote up" all sorts of things that never before had been described by pen, or immortalized in type. I wanted to wake up my fellow townsmen and women to the interests that lay close around them, and of all things I wanted them to properly appreciate the Trumpet.

I intended to issue a magnificent Christmas number of my beloved journal, twice its ordinary size and brim full of the most alluring holiday matter I could create and rake up. To perfect that number I almost worked myself into a decline. Looking back upon it now, from the standpoint of what I beg to be permitted to call mature common sense, I commend myself heartily for the industry, zeal and confidence I nursed into respectable development in those old, hard working, moneyless days on the Trumpet.

Among other attractive features for my Christmas paper I determined to write up the very poor of Doonville. I could thus be the means of conferring two benefactions—giving the rich a chance to taste of the blessing of giving—for it is more blessed to give than to receive—and also open the way for the poor to be helped. And on Christmas, you know, all hearts are said to be tender and more generous, and many are glad of an opportunity to do something for the needy.

Doonville was a small place, and so very prosperous that I scarcely knew where to go to hunt people so poor that I dare intrude upon them and tell their wants in my "valuable and widely circulated" paper. Many of its citizens were very rich, and none whom I personally knew had fallen below decent and tolerable poverty. But down below Doon's mills, on the river bank, were some broken down houses, about whose doors I had sometimes seen very ragged and very dirty children playing. I determined to go thither and investigate.

I had this thought in my mind as I was going to office one morning just two days before Christmas. I determined to go out that afternoon and begin the search. I hadn't gone far when I met "Calamity" Parker. That was what I called him when my speech was without bridle, for I held him in great contempt.

He was a tall, thin, broken down creature, who posed as a gentleman and moved about with a solemn, unheeded gait and distributed religious tracts. He always seemed to me a frightful exorcism on society, although he had the discretion to say but little. I fretted my progressive spirit to see him crawling around thrusting his weak literature under more intelligent and busier people's eyes. "The day and generation are beyond tracts," I said to myself, "and here is this threadbare fraud keeping up this relic of foginess." I despised him so heartily I could hardly speak a decent good morning as he passed me. I think he felt that I disliked him; but he had cultivated the unctuous affectation of godliness and an appearance of patience and sweetness under slights and taunts, and invariably returned a smile for a frown. That very habit made him detestable to me.

I began to think about him as I went along. He had only been in Doonville a couple of years, and I had never heard of his doing anything but distribute tracts and preach on the street corners down by the mills. I concluded that it was time he was abolished. Accordingly my first work on reaching the office was to write a half column editorial article on "religious frauds," in which the practice of tract distributing received merited castigation. I drew a picture of the typical tract man, of which Parker was the model, which wasn't calculated to make his path in Doonville any smoother. This inclusive, and I may say "able," article, which was certainly a flaming sword of righteous wrath against the tract fraternity, was to adorn the Christmas number.

Then I started out in my search for poverty in a self satisfied spirit. It is delightful to do something that wins one's own approbation. I found the row of old houses all locked and tenantless save one, the last one and the worst one. It was in a state of dilapidation so hopeless that its owner hadn't even thought it worth while to shut it up. The result was that it was tenanted without his permission having been asked. A family of dull brained, sallow skinned, chronically indigent, half dead creatures who had been crawling westward in worn out vagons drawn by dying horses, had taken possession of it by permission of necessity. They had reached Doonville just as their horses succumbed to the inexorable, and there they were, sick, freezing, starving and dying in a state of destitution unspeakable.

I saw through the windows that the house was inhabited, though the only figure I could see moving about was more ghostlike than human. On pretense of borrowing a match I knocked for admittance. A match! such a thing was a far off, undreamed of luxury to the family within. There was neither fire nor food in the house, and the cold, rain and the snow came in at will through the glassless windows. Haven't you noticed that the very elements conspire with poverty to make his victims wretched?

A skeleton man, sick unto death lay on the floor, his head on a bundle of dry leaves. Two famished children, ill and feeble, were on the semblance of a bed in another corner of the room. A very old woman sat helpless by the side of the sick children, whose emaciated and miserable mother groped about feebly trying to give help to the others. The only one who seemed to have any life to speak of left was a wan and ragged little girl with delicate features and big, old eyes.

I got fire and food for them, and did all I could for their immediate relief. Then I rushed to the office of the Trumpet and wrote such an account of them as would be sure to send the good people of Doonville to their door with abundant relief. It was a long and graphic article, and realistic to a startling degree. We were not illustrating newspapers then as now, so I could only picture the suffering of this family in words. However, I gave the article tremendous head lines and a prominent place. The Trumpet was issued the next day, which was the day before Christmas, and it went forth on its work of arousing the pity of Doonville for the family in the old house by the river.

I was very busy all that day and could not go to see them. But when night came and I lay down to rest I had the satisfaction of feeling that they were provided for, and that I had been the instigating cause of their relief. I fancied the surprise and sorrow the benevolent Mrs. Barclay would feel when she visited them, carrying aid, as she was sure to do after reading my article. And how distressed, I thought, Mr. Archibald Doon would be when he realized that so sad a case of want existed in the town of which he was so proud. And others—over so many others—would be equally interested and equally helpful. In imagination I saw the philanthropists of the community, one after another, going down to the old house by the river side carrying aid and sympathy.

The next morning was Christmas. It was cold and clear, with a sharp wind blowing—traditional Christmas weather, called cherry in stories, I think, but very uncomfortable for those who are thinly clad. After breakfast I started down to see my poor friends by the river. I wanted to help them, but all I could do would be but a cipher in comparison with what had already been done. But I thrilled with the pleasure I would experience in seeing their improved condition, knowing I had had a hand in it.

How forlorn and desolate the house was, even as seen from afar off! And oh! the dreariness of Christmas to those within!

A man approached the house just ahead of me. A second glance told me that it was the tract distributor. I felt a spasm of wrath at sight of him. How dare he mock those wretched people with his printed twaddle about the preciousness of their souls when their bodies needed food, and fire and clothing?



THE THIN LITTLE GIRL OPENED THE DOOR.

He knocked, and the thin little girl with the pale, delicate face opened the door, came out, and shut it behind her. The tract distributor took off his hat, she looked up at him, and I knew she spoke, though I was not near enough to hear what she said. I noticed, too, that she raised her hand in gesture—a solemn and intensely dramatic gesture, it seemed to me, for one so young to make unconsciously. A queer sort of chill crept over me. The tract distributor opened the door and went in, but she stood outside, and was still standing there when I reached the door.

Somehow, when I was quite near her I could find no words to utter. She seemed to understand, and pointing to the door, said: "You can go in if you want to. Father died this morning!"

I stood speechless in the presence of that child's tearless sorrow.

"But help came to you yesterday?" I said, my heart sinking at the possibility I had never thought of flashed into my mind.

"Yes, he—the man who has just gone in—came and was very kind. He stayed by father all night, and was only away a little while; but father died while he was gone."

"And—did—nobody else come yesterday?" I stammered.

"Nobody else," said the child, looking up surprised at the question.

I felt ashamed to go in and face the tract distributor in the presence of the dead he had comforted and whom I had left for others to comfort—others who never came.

I greeted her with gentle kindness, and as I clasped her hand in that woful dwelling I inwardly bent before him in self-abasement.

We went out together to plan for the funeral and procure further aid for the living.

"You did a good work when you wrote about these people," he said, "and I thank you, for otherwise I should not have known of their existence in time to be of help when they needed it most."

With what shame I remembered my article on religious frauds, of which I had been so proud only two days before.

From that hour we became warm friends. As I learned to know him I looked back in amazement at my former conclusions in regard to him. "Calamity" Parker, indeed! It would have been more fitting had I named him Beneficent Parker. His life was a benediction—unobtrusive and self-denying; he gave of his abundant sympathy and slender worldly means without reserve. Nor was his never failing patience and sweetness of spirit the cloak of hypocrisy, but the result of years of spiritual aspiration and discipline, which I have never yet begun to attain. His habit of distributing tracts was merely the outward manifestation of a helpful spirit—a habit conferred in a bygone day among simple people. It hurt no one. For aught I know it may have benefited some. Why should I assume that because a man has a modest size habit, of which I disapproved, that he was a fit subject to be insulted in the public prints, derided behind his back and sneered at when he was present? It was the ignorance of youth, my children—youth, over-confident youth, which thinks it knows everything and often knows nothing. I had not then learned that each one has his own way of doing good, and has his rights, too. Neither had I learned that it is foolish and wicked to judge people whose real lives we do not know and cannot know—or to judge at all.

It was some time before I got over my surprise at the apathy of the philanthropists of Doonville in regard to that wretched family. I was at a loss to understand how they could let their Christmas dinners in comfort, after reading about the distress of the poor souls in the old house. I did not then know that people unused to seeing poverty are slower to lend a helping hand than they who see it every day; that when we have not the poor always with us we forget how to be benevolent and sometimes grow very selfish.

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

The Bangor Whig and Courier.

Every intelligent citizen renders all the help in his power to sustain and encourage the paper published nearest to his home, as such paper can give the local news more fully and accurately than any foreign paper, and if, after it has been read by the family, it is sent to a friend who formerly resided in the place, it gives greater satisfaction than a letter, as the incident happenings in the town or city are given more minutely than it is possible to give in a private letter. But after performing this duty many of our readers wish to keep posted daily, upon what is passing in the world, and to such we cordially commend the BANGOR DAILY WHIG AND COURIER, one of the best of our exchanges and second to no paper in the state, as a medium of the latest and most reliable news. The WHIG contains all the latest telegraphic dispatches, Financial and market reports, Shipping news, Agricultural intelligence, a large amount of miscellaneous reading matter and general news of this section and state. It is outspoken on all questions of public interest, and staunch advocate of all measures it deems calculated to promote the moral or material welfare of the people. The daily is sent postage free, for \$8.00 per annum; \$4 for six months; \$2.00 for three months, payable in advance. The WEEKLY COURIER is one of the largest papers in New England. Every issue being accompanied by a two page supplement, making a paper of forty-eight columns, almost entirely devoted to reading matter. Reduced rates, in advance, postage free, \$1.00 per annum; 75 cents for six months; 38 cents for three months. Special Rates.—The publishers will also hold the following special offer open for a limited time single subscriptions for a full year \$1.00, any fractional part of the year at the rate of \$1.50 payable in advance.

A CHRISTMAS PAPER.

R. J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Keep your eye open for the Christmas number of the *Eagle*. She will be a screamer. Special talent has been engaged at no end (neither end) of expense to make the humorous department a roar of laughter from Alpha to Izzard. Mr. Slabs, our genial and popular stone cutter, will have an interesting article on "Tombstones in the Fourth Century" (this is not a war paper); Rev. Alcibiades Dustin Ashes will write on "The Sufferings of the Early Christians," with special reference to those who come in time to hear the whole sermon; the Rev. Hon. H. Oward Hingoldsy Epstonall H. J. Arrison-Smith, M. P., F. R. H. O. A. N., will contribute "Reminiscences of Old English Almshouses;" Fitzjarrid Fitzjarrid, the distinguished and brilliant orator, will have a paper on "The Eviction Laws and Irish Independence;" Hon. Samuel Randall, of Pennsylvania, will write "A Defense of Free Trade Heaven's Last Best Gift to Man;" Colonel William Morrison will discuss "Protection, the Hope and Salvation of the Republic;" Mr. Blaine and Mr. Edmunds will contribute the poetry, the former singing a tender little love ditty, "Made of Vermont, ere we part," and Mr. Edmunds contributing in a similar vein, (the jocular vein) "Blaine, Blaine, Rain'st in this Boozum." A distinguished Chicago anarchist will have a short story of the race course, "One by the Neck," in which it is shrewdly surmised that the author is the one. A well known—rather well known—Knew York Alderman, who is believed to be a high cast Bhoddist himself, will write, in language that a child can understand, on "Bhuddism in the United States," and its injury to tendencies. We also promise among the bright shorter sketches and poems of this Christmas galaxy of merriment and smiles, "No Rows Without a Hawthorn," by Mr. James Russell Lowell; "A Rolling Stone Gathers no Mossback," by a distinguished citizen of Washington; "Good Lord! or Home Life of the English Nobility," a collaboration by Getham A. Partagin, the well known divorce lawyer, and Fike Hamfat, the variety actor. "Is the Credit System a National Blessing?" will be discussed by Mr. Mennistiches, the tailor, and Clarence Hardup, the dude. Dr. McCosh will write a transcription of "Holmes, Sweet Holmes," a beautiful paper, and to close the symposium Mr. Jefferson Davis will contribute a light paper on "General Sherman," in that merry and genial vein of delightful humor which has gained for him in the mellow good nature of his declining years a leading place among the warm hearted women who make us laugh.

LIFE'S LESSON.

"Tired?" Well, what of that? Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease, Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze? Come rouse thee! Work while it is called day! Coward, arise! Go forth upon the way.

Lonely! And what of that? Some must be lonely: 'tis not given to all To feel a heart responsive rise and fall, To blend another life into its own. Work may be done in loneliness. Work on!

Dark? Well, what of that? Didst fondly dream the sun would never set? Dost

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They have the Largest Line of
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I advise all to buy a pair and be con-
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MATHER LACING KID GLOVES!

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We fit every pair, so a perfect glove is
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We have Satins and Plushes, Stamped
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Silk and Linen Flosses for embroid-
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On our Middle Counter can be found
many Fancy Articles that space for-
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COME AND SEE US.
W. O. HEWETT & CO.


In midnight hour and with adoring few
Who doth inaugurate His earthly reign,
Who comes the ancient promise to pursue,
And man's lost heritage restore again.

THE LEGEND OF CHRIST CHURCH.

Near the southern coast of England,
Rising dark from hills of green,
An ancient church with Norman towers
By the sailor's eye is seen.

Seven centuries have written
Strangest stories on each stone,
Making thus a vast palimpsest
With rank ivy overgrown.

Of the legends, rarest, sweetest,
Is the story of its birth,
When the mighty frame was lifted
Skyward from its native earth.

In the time of William Rufus,
Norman monks both brave and good,
Laid with zeal its strong foundations,
For its timbers hewed the wood.

Day by day there labored with them
One who from the forest came;
No one knew his home or nation,
No one ever asked his name.

As wild violets on the hillside
Bloom when southern winds have blown,
By the deft blows of his chisel
Flowers sprang from solid stone.

And the woods felt all the magic
Of his gentle artist hand—
Yielded shapes that filled with wonder
All the skillful Norman band.

When at eventide the master
Paid the wages of the day,
Heeding not the wondrous stranger
Wended to the hills his way.

Then the puzzled workmen queried:
"Who is this, who asks no hire,
Yet whose perfect skill leaves nothing
Truest art could e'er desire?"

None gave answer to their question,
But as whirling mountain snows
Heap great drifts among the gorges,
Steadily the church arose.

Till the hour came for placing
The great beam which spans the nave;
For its length the oak tree, bowing,
At his mighty labor gave.

No oak on the hills of England
Towered so far above his kin
At this monarch, strong, sound hearted,
Fit church walls to enter in.

Ah! we all fall short in something,
Measured by the law's demand,
And the oak beam failed in inches
By the distance of a hand.



Then despair possessed the workmen;
When that toilsome day was done,
Mournfully they plodded homeward;
Lingered there the Silent One.

How he labored in the starlight,
While cool night winds round him stirred,
While the world in silence slumbered,
Their is no record word.

But the first faint flush of sunrise
Showed the beam set in its place,
While the stranger met the workmen
With a smile upon his face.

Speaking low, in accents gentle,
Like some distant anthem's strain:
"Unless the Lord doth aid in building,
All the work of man is vain."

As the mists drift from a landscape,
Swept the dimness from their sight;
Knew they then 'twas Christ, the Master,
Who had labored through the night.

B. W.

THE HAPPIEST MOMENT.

HOW IT CAME TO THE GUESTS OF A CHRIST-
MAS PARTY.

Honor, aged 20, and her Aunt Margaret,
aged 38 and unmarried, maintained
themselves by keeping a morning school for young
ladies in Paradise row, one of the back
streets of Camden Town, London, which
consists of ten mean little houses. Aunt Mar-
garet was the daughter of the rector of Bray-
leigh, and Honor was her sister's child. The
sister had married an artist, and she and her
husband both died when Honor was a mere
baby. Her aunt and grandfather had edu-
cated her. Soon after the rector's death the
two ladies were impoverished by the failure
of the bank which contained their little store
of wealth. So the school was opened, and
they got on fairly well, enjoying their inde-
pendence, although not in receipt of a very
promising income.

Honor had an uncle—her father's brother—
the rich Mr. Bryson, who, although he gave
them no financial aid, always invited his
niece and her aunt to spend the holidays at
his house. As the Christmas of 1872 drew
near the two impoverished gentlewomen be-
gan to fix over their bits of flunery in the ex-
pectation of the usual visit to Uncle Bryson's.
Instead of the anticipated invitation they re-
ceived a very polite note from Uncle B. say-
ing that "the coming so far must have always
been a tax upon them," and therefore he
"would not again press the invitation." He
softened the blow with a check for £20, his
best wishes and the compliments of the sea-
son.

There was a reason for this beyond what
the two disappointed ladies could dream of.
The Brysons had a marriageable daughter,
and there was a certain Sir Edward Dusart
who, they thought, was about to propose to
her, and Aunt Bryson had discovered that
Honor was much too handsome and attractive
to have around when such an important pos-

sibility was pending; and Sir Edward was to
be a Christmas guest. Aunt Margaret had
fondly dreamed that Sir Edward cared for
Honor, whom he had met more than once at
Uncle Bryson's. But when she heard that he
was about to propose to Uncle Bryson's
daughter Amelia she hoped that Honor did
not care for him.

The first impulse of Aunt Margaret and
Honor on receiving Uncle Bryson's check was
to send it back. Second thought persuaded
them to keep it and use every penny of it in
giving a Christmas party themselves—not a
party for the rich and prosperous, nor even
for their financial equals; but a party for the
good and kind among their neighbors, the in-
habitants of Paradise Row, humble souls, to
whom all pleasures were rare.

They took Mr. Redmond, the incumbent of
the new church in their district, into their
confidence, and he was greatly interested in
the plan, and promised to help them all he
could. He was the only friend the two ladies
had made since they went to Paradise row
to whom they could say anything about their
past lives. He often looked in upon them
after their day's work was done, and it seemed
plain to Aunt Margaret that he took great in-
terest in Honor. Sometimes Aunt Margaret
said to herself that the match would be
so undesirable, although he was a widower,
with a grown-up daughter, and a little too
old for Honor.

They had a busy time preparing for the
feast. They felt in duty bound to spend every
penny of the money. In addition to the sup-
per, every guest was to have a present, and
several sick ones were to have presents sent
them. They called in "Old Nannie" to help
the maid of all work get the feast ready, and,
in her language, the house soon "smelt as
good as a cook shop." Old Nannie was to be
one of the guests of the Christmas party. She
had been in charge of the guardians of the
poor; but had managed to have her "low-
ances" sent to her lowly lodgings, and never
got into the dreaded "house," where the poor
are taken in the last extremity.

Among the other important guests were
the "little tailor and his wife," "Sally's grand-
mother," "Johnny and his mother," and the
"poor lodger." Sally's grandmother was in
the receipt of parish relief. The "poor
lodger," as the neighbors called him, was a
young man about whom no one knew any
more than that he did not appear to have a
friend in the world, and that he had been in
desperate need, having just struggled through
a long illness in an attic of a house where
lodged Johnny and his mother. The latter,
a sailor's soul, only just contrived to keep
body and soul together by working for the
city warehouses; and the little tailor and his
wife got their living by patching and botch-
ing for people as poor as themselves.

Although every one else jested about the
little tailor and his wife clinging to the belief
that they would again see their son, who had
gone abroad to seek his fortune, and had not
been heard of for years, Honor did not. The
belief helped them to bear their privations
better than they might otherwise have done,
she thought.

And there was Grace Fairlie, the national
school mistress, a gentlewoman, who had been
quite alone in the world since her mother's
death; and poor little Annie, the drunken
cobbler's daughter, and the good natured old
soldier, with the bullet in his leg, who helped
everybody. The ladies were almost afraid
they would be obliged to send a separate in-
vitation to the bullet, it was such an impor-
tant factor in the old man's life.

Then, there was Mrs. Parnell, who was
"genteel." They were uncertain whether she
would come, for, although she had now the
recommendation of being poor and lonely,
she prided herself upon having "once moved
in a different sphere." She talked of her
father having been an agent for something or
somebody, and alluded to her late husband's
"avocations" in a way which, if slightly in-
definite, had its effect in Paradise row. She
thought a great deal about keeping up the
"distinction of classes," and the proper ob-
servances of etiquette; and she told Aunt
Margaret that she had serious doubts as to
whether she could call upon her and Honor,
until she heard they had a piano and taught
French.

Nobody refused, and by 5 o'clock on Christ-
mas afternoon they had everything prepared.
It was cold Christmas weather, so the cur-
tains were drawn, a bright fire was burning
in every room, chairs and couches, hired for
the occasion from the broker round the
corner, were plentiful, and Honor's piano-
forte at the further end of the sitting room
opened ready for use. There was a certain
small settee for the little tailor and his wife;
the faded, crimson easy chair—so fitting a
throne for gentility—for Mrs. Parnell; the big,
high shouldered one, so admirably
adapted for the poor lodger, who, rumor said,
did not like to be looked at; the pretty little
lounge full of dimples, with a stool at its
feet, for Johnny and his mother; the old
fashioned one with the cushions for Nannie;
and the straight backed one with the arms
for the old soldier; they all seemed to have
been specially designed to suit the different
idiosyncracies of the guests.



MRS. PARNELL IN THE EASY CHAIR.

Mrs. Parnell was the first to arrive.
She entered the room with a very grand
air, and in full dress, as it had been in vogue
some thirty years previously, wearing an elab-
orate turban head dress, an Adelaide colored
satin gown, white gloves and a gold spangled
fan, all a little faded and worn and soiled,
but showing that Mrs. Parnell considered
that she had come to an orthodox evening
party and understood what was expected on

such occasions.
Honor had conducted her to the seat
of honor, explaining that she felt it so kind
of her to come and help them entertain their
guests, who were for the most part people in
humble life.

Mrs. Parnell looked rather disagreeably
surprised and drew herself up a little haughtily
for a moment. But she had only time to say
that, although she had not been accustomed
to mix with her inferiors, she had no objec-
tion to do so for once, and under the circum-
stances of being invited to assist in entertain-
ing the good people, when, after a little scuf-
fling in the passage, the door opened, and,
assisted by a friendly push from Sally, old
Nannie entered the room.

To figure as one of the guests for whom she
had been prepared was just at first too
much for old Nannie's philosophy. There was
certainly a great contrast between Mrs. Par-
nell in her faded grandeur and Nannie in her
short, scant, well worn merino gown, her
plain muslin cap, her sleeves too short to
cover her bony wrists and her hands bearing
witness to a life of toil. Her only prepara-
tions for company seemed to have been that
of turning down her cuffs, which were usually
turned up, putting on an old fashioned collar
with a frill reaching to her thin shoulders,
and pinned on awry, with a brooch of Cam-
den Town emeralds and diamonds purchased
for her by Sally in honor of the occasion.

So far as going on propitiously; and
no sooner was Nannie inducted into her com-
fortable chair by the fire in the back room,
where she sat with a hand planted upon each
knee, and her eyes turned complacently to-
ward the well spread table, than the little
tailor and his wife—neither of them much
more than five feet high—were ushered in.
The pretty, fair-haired school mistress, in
deep mourning, was welcomed, and after her
came Johnny and his mother. No one seemed
to think of calling her anything but "Johnny's
mother." With them came the "poor
lodger," who had not been easily induced to
accept the invitation, and who was looking
very doubtful and reserved, and the de-
fensive, so to speak, as though their motive
was as yet not quite clear to him.

But Honor's diplomatic little aside, which
had answered so well with the others, seemed
to succeed with him also; at any rate, so far
as disarming his suspicions went. In reply he
bowed low, with a few words about his esti-
mation of the privilege of being allowed to
assist Miss Bryson in any way. But it was
enough to show that he was a gentleman, had
he not, evidently weak as he was, and appre-
ciative of the comfortable chair assigned to
him, so courteously endeavored to decline it
in favor of others. The threadbare clothes
which hung so loosely about his tall, gaunt
frame contrasted piteously with his dis-
tinguished bearing. At the same time there
was no trace in his countenance, which was
that of a refined thinker, of any vice which
might have brought him so low in the social
scale as to desire to conceal himself in the
miserable attic of one of the meanest houses
in the street, where the most poverty
stricken gave him the name of the "poor
lodger."

The little tailor's aside to his wife: "Them
was swell clothes once, mother, and nothing
will get the gentleman out of them any more
than it will out of him," showed that others
thought as I did.

Then came the old soldier, brick and neat
and upright as a soldier with a bullet in his
leg could be expected to be. Everything
about him, from his clear, gray eyes to
his carefully brushed and mended clothes and
well polished boots, bearing witness to a life
of discipline. By the hand he led Annie,
the little motherless girl, whose father, the
drunken cobbler, lived in the same house
with him. He had done what he could for
her in the way of adornment, brushing the
beautiful golden hair and tying it up with a
piece of string into a funny little knob at the
top of her head, brightly polishing her gray,
shabby boots, and presenting her with a gay
picture of a soldier's uniform to carry in her
hand; and he had paid respect to the season
by pinning a few holly berries in the front of
her thin, worn frock.

As they entered the room she hung back,
clinging nervously to him, and looking as
scared as though she expected she was going
to be beaten. Honor had some difficulty in
inducing her to leave her protector's hand and
take the stool provided for her in a warm
corner near the fire. When she at length sat
down she shrank timidly against the wall, as
though only desirous to escape notice.

All felt that little Annie needed sympathy
and kindness more than did any guest there,
if the seat was to be kept much longer in the
great mournful eyes. Most pitiful of all was
the old look in the pinched, white face. She
seemed to regard us with a kind of calm in-
dulgence, as grown-up children playing at
life, which she had long seen the sad reality
of.

All went well, and with music and chatting
the time was spent very happily until 9
o'clock. Then, before the queer company
was seated around the table, Honor proposed
that each one relate the history of the hap-
piest moment of his life.

The happiest moment! There was a puzzled,
half doubtful expression in some of the
faces as though they traveled back into the past;
but it presently disappeared, and there was a
smile more or less expansive upon every one's
face. Even the poor lodger had a reticent
smile upon his lips, as he turned his eyes me-
ditatively toward the fire.

Johnny led off. He admitted without
shame that the happiest moment of his life
was when he had been invited to the party,
and Sally had assured him that there would
be all the turkey, mince pie and pudding that
he could eat. His mother blushed over his
very materialistic idea of happiness. Her
own story was this: "I think the very hap-
piest moment I have ever had was when the
manager at the warehouse promised to give
me a shilling a dozen extra for making the
shirts, for," she added, looking round with a
deprecatory little smile, as though to apolo-
gize for the homeliness of the cause of her
happy moment, "growing boys are almost
always hungry."

Mrs. Parnell, when called upon to relate
her story, coughed meditatively behind her
fan for a moment or two, and then graciously
said that the happiest moment of her life
was when she danced with Lord Langland at
the tenantry ball, when she was just 18.

Grace Fairlie and Honor had some difficulty
in keeping their countenances as they ex-
changed glances. Even the "poor lodger"
was evincing some signs of having once known
how to laugh. But the others appeared suf-
ficiently impressed to satisfy Mrs. Parnell, had
she had any misgivings upon the point. She
was gazing complacently into the fire. She
had simply related a fact, and was too much
absorbed in the pleasant recollections it had
called up to notice any one's face.

Old Nannie thought the greatest amount
of bliss she ever experienced was when she
outwitted the poor guardians and got her
"lowance out" instead of going into the house.
The old soldier described how a feeling
that his mother was near him pulling him
away from a trench during a battle, gave
him his happiest moment, because just as he
was fairly out a shell burst in the trench and
he knew that he had been saved from certain
death by the watchful spirit of his dead
mother.

"But why didn't you have another dream
to tell you to put your leg out of the way
when the bullet was coming?" asked Johnny.
"I chose to take it into the way, my lad,"
somebody absently replied James Brooks;
"besides, that did me no hurt."

"No hurt to be shot?"
"Well, my boy, there's different ways of
being hurt, as perhaps you'll find out as you
get older. I'd had my lesson, you see, and
didn't need to be taught over again."

"But ain't you going to tell us how you got
the bullet in your leg?" persisted Johnny.
"You didn't have that through the dream?"
"Well, I got shot while I was fetching out
a young—" He paused, ruffling up his
scanty hair. "But I am no hand at telling
them sort of things. It isn't for me to say
why I'm a bit proud of the bullet I carry
about with me, ladies and gentlemen. Perhaps
it will be enough if I say that it brought me
this," touching the cross upon his breast, and
rather shyly adding: "It was a French officer
that was saved, an only son"—here
he gazed afar off dreamily and cut short his
story.

"The 'poor lodger,'" when asked to tell his
story, begged to be excused for a little longer,
and gave way to Sally, who, after some
stammering, said, in high delight, glancing
shyly round:

"It was last night, then. He met me fetch-
ing the supper beer, and he said he'd got
enough saved for a tidy bit of furniture, and
a little put by for a rainy day, as well as regu-
lar work, so there was no call to wait."

Everybody congratulated Sally, and Aunt
Margaret said that he ought to have been
invited, at which, amidst a merry laugh from
all, Sally, with a very red face, said: "He
isn't so far off as he couldn't be found by
super time, if you please, ma'am. He said
something about being somewhere handy, to
see if he could be of any use in bringing up
the trays and such like."



THE LONG ABSENT SON AT HIS MOTHER'S
FEET.

The little tailor, Mr. Peebles, was then
called upon to tell his story. "Well, if I
must, I must," he said; "but I'm afraid it
will make the missus a bit vain when I tell
the company that my happiest moment was
that night when we was 'scrouring' to see the
'luminations,' and she said she'd sooner a
deal have me to take care of her than Steve
Jackson; for Steve was well to do in the
world—set up for himself, with a horse and
cart and all complete, in the green grocery
line, a master man. He was a better figure
of a man to look at, too, for it's no use my
trying to make believe as I was ever so hand-
some as she thought me."

Mrs. Peebles was next asked to speak.
Just then Sally beckoned Honor out of the
room, and when she re-entered, which she
did before Mrs. Peebles began to talk, there
was a look on her face telling that something
unusual had happened. She put her hand on
the back of a chair, as if to steady herself, and
said: "Mrs. Peebles, I think there is somebody
here who can tell your story for you."



SAD FACED LITTLE ANNIE.

The little tailor rose, with his eyes shooting
from his head and his face as white as the
dead. Mrs. Peebles gasped, but could not
speak, for following Honor into the room
was a tall, good looking young man with
frank blue eyes, brown beard and bronzed
face—their own Tom, the long hoped for,
long absent son, who had returned on Christ-
mas night, exactly as absent sons frequently
do in books, but very rarely in real life. He
fell on his knees before Mrs. Peebles, sobbing
in her lap, while the little tailor was wildly
shaking hands with everybody. The hap-
piest moment had come for all three of the
Peebles family. Their story had told itself.

Grace Fairlie, the little schoolmistress,
said: "I am obliged to acknowledge that I
owe the happiest moments I have ever expe-
rienced to the receipt of a letter that came
to me one day when I was terribly in need
of the help it brought." Over the poor
lodger's face stole an expression of almost
angelic joy, but only Aunt Margaret noticed
it.

Then they all turned to little Annie—feeble,
prematurely old, sad faced little Annie—who
sat gazing reflectively into the fire and then
said: "I remember once father said he would
give me a worse hiding than ever when he
came home, 'cause I waited for him outside
the public, and when he came he fell asleep
and forgot to give it me. If that will do,
miss?"

Little Annie! Poor little Annie! How
could she know that this story which she told
so simply in a few words was the most pa-
thetic that had ever been written?

Then it was Honor's turn to talk. She had
just begun her story—a fairy story—when,
glancing up, her face expressed astonishment,
confusion and happiness, all in an instant.
There, standing in the door, unannounced,
was Sir Edward Dusart. Anyone who un-
derstood the language of faces would know at
once by a glance at Honor's that her happiest
moment had come; that her story, too, had
told itself, for only one thing could have
brought Sir Edward Dusart to her from
Uncle Bryson's on that Christmas night. And
wasn't it curious that the scheme of the
Brysons to keep him from again meeting
Honor had brought about the very thing
they had tried to prevent! And isn't it al-
ways so? Behind Sir Edward came Mr. Red-
mond, who, after greeting everybody, said
something to Aunt Margaret which seemed
to make her face radiant and caused her to
tell the story of her happiest moment with

her eyes only. She it was, not Honor, who
had been the cause of his visits there, and in
the fewest words possible on that Christmas
night he made this plain to her; and later,
when addressing a few words of good will
and good wishes to all before the curious
company rose from the table, he said this was
one of the happiest moments of his life.

But just after he and Sir Edward had be-
come one of the company, Mr. Williams, the
poor lodger, was seen making his way toward
the door holding his handkerchief up to his
face. He was telling Sally to excuse him for
her mistress, as a sudden attack of neuralgia
obliged him to leave rather abruptly, when
Sir Edward Dusart caught sight of him, and
called out: "Eston! Is it? Why, Eston,
old fellow, where on earth have you sprung
from?" The poor lodger moved on toward the
door, making no answer. Sir Edward sprang
after him, and with his arm around his neck,
school boy fashion, went with him into the
hall. When they both returned Sir Edward
introduced the poor lodger as the best friend
he ever had, and one of the best scholars of
his own university. The little company was
greatly astonished to learn that he wasn't
Mr. Williams at all, but Mr. Eston; but
they were still more astonished some weeks
later when they learned that he and Grace
Fairlie were married—they became engaged
that very night, and were married as soon as
he was established as a lawyer. So his story,
also, was not told, but told itself.

The little tailor and his wife are as happy
as they could desire. Mrs. Parnell is better
off now, and with Lady Dusart for her
friend, more "genteel" and exclusive than
ever. When any one refers to that mem-
orable Christmas night she says there is an
advantage to be derived from an occasional
mixture of classes. James Brooks, the old
soldier, is in receipt of a pension, which finds
its way to him, he imagines, from France,
and is a frequent visitor at the hall, where
Sir Edward and Lady Dusart are always
glad to welcome him, and to the Rectory, a
mile away, where Mr. Redmond and Aunt
Margaret are host and hostess. There is a
pretty cottage in the village, of which
Johnny's mother is the mistress. There old
Nannie's last days were spent in comfort.
Johnny became a sailor lad; but after some
years of seafaring, came home and "settled
down" in the village with his mother. Poor
little Annie. Not all the love and care of her
kind friends could keep her long with them.
The tired little spirit fled early from a world
which it found too cruel to linger in.

M. NEWMAN.

CHRISTMAS GOODS

—AT—

W. J. Coakley's
DRUGGIST,

269 Main Street, ROCKLAND.

(OPPOSITE THORNDIKE HOTEL.)

One of the most beautiful lines of

FANCY GOODS!

To be found in this part of Maine. Remember
that everything in my store is

NEW AND FRESH!
PLUSH GOODS

IN GREAT VARIETY!

Toilet Sets, Manicure and Nail

Sets, Brush Broom Cases,

Odor Cases, Cigar Ca-

ses, Work Boxes,

&c., &c.

Buyers of Holiday Goods are cordially in-
vited to call and see this handsome stock.

MY STOCK OF

ODORS

Embraces a wide range of the Choicest Perfumes.

</

FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GOODS! —GO TO— H. GALLERT'S.

The Largest and Best Selected
Line of Novelties and
Useful Presents!

We mean to make our Holiday Trade a tremendous success, and for that reason we will sell everything at Unprecedentedly Low Figures. Thus early we are ready to meet, partially, the demands for Holiday Goods, and from now up we shall receive additional goods almost daily, but we have enough now to make it an object to visit us. We are offering Tremendous Bargains in everything, as we intend to close out as much as possible from our stock before New Years. There is no house in Maine who will give you more for your money than we will, and as we are making a specialty of

Fancy Goods,
Small Wares

Furnishing Goods,

there is no house that is enabled to sell you these goods any cheaper than we will.

EXTREME LOW PRICES

will be our rule for the next month, and our customers and the public can rely upon getting bargains such as can be rarely offered.

The following is a partial list of goods that we mean to, and must close out during the next month, if Low Prices will do it:

FURS! FURS!

Sets, Muffs or Collars in Nutria, Astrachan, Seal, Opposum, Hare and Raccoon.

FUR TRIMMINGS!

In all the leading Furs.

Fancy Novelties!

In nice Embroidered Ties, Table Covers and Scarfs.

LEATHER AND PLUSH GOODS

In Wallets, Purses and Bags,

For Fancy Work

We have Fancy Ornaments, Tassels and Cords, also Stamped Linens.

WORSTED GOODS

In large variety, such as Infants', Misses' and Ladies' Hoods, Children's Plush Caps, Fascinators, Infants' and Ladies' Knit Jackets and Jersey Jackets, Leggings, Gloves and Mittens.

HANDKERCHIEFS HANDKERCHIEFS

By the thousands. We were fortunate enough to secure 250 doz. more of those nice Initial Handkerchiefs, which we shall sell at the extreme low price of 12 1/2c each, or \$1.50 per dozen.

Gents' Fine Initial Handkerchiefs at 1 1/2 doz. in fancy cartoons—will make nice presents.

Lots of Handkerchiefs in all styles and qualities, from the cheapest to the finest embroidered, in plain and fancy borders.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS AND MUFFLERS,

Immense Line, from 15c up to \$3.00.

Of course it is impossible to enumerate, or describe everything we have in stock, but we have as nice a line of seasonal goods as there is in the state, and the low prices we place on the same must insure them a quick and ready sale. Our store by all means, it will be for your interest,

H. GALLERT,
ROCKLAND,
Thordike Hotel.

THE SIGN DIVINE.

"Who knocks?" the waiting angel said;
"What sign is this?"
"In holy war my blood was shed,
From battle's heat my soul has sped;
That sign is mine."

"I cannot bid the gate unfold
For sign like thine."
"To holy works I gave my gold—
Gave all—the sum was manifold;
That sign is mine."

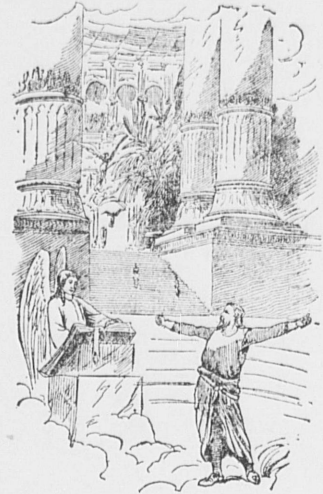
"Thy works are grand; but thou hast not
The sign Divine."
"O angel! I have safely brought
The record of the deeds I wrought;
That sign is mine."

"Not that! Not that! Thou must yet bring
A sign Divine."
"O angel, angel! tell the King
That for him I gave everything;
That sign is mine."

"Thy life was pure; but give thy Lord
His sign divine."
"O angel, angel! tell the Lord
That all my life I taught His word;
That sign is mine."

"He knoweth all; but thou must make
The sign Divine."
"O angel! I did gladly take
Great burdens on me for His sake;
That sign is mine."

"O waiting soul! thou hast not brought
The sign Divine."
"Sweet angel, for the Lord I fought,
Yet at His gate I have not got
His sign Divine."



"O spirit dear! I cannot see
The sign Divine
That lifts the heavy gate for thee."
"O angel! see my agony
For sign Divine."

"O happy soul! the gate swings wide,
The sign is thine;
In woe thine arms extended wide
Portrays the cross—the crucified—
The sign Divine."

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

Happiness as It Is in Youth and Maturity.

Isn't it a little queer that as we grow from youth to manhood the objects change which bring us pleasure? The amount of happiness realized varies but little. There seems to be a certain amount of the article implanted in us; no more, no less. The boy's sled gives place to the richly caparisoned sleigh, the toy house to the imposing residence, the toy watch to a real one, the toy boat to an ocean yacht—but the first yielded quite as much pleasure as the last.

The Christmas gifts and pleasures of youth brought as much happiness as houses and lands, honors and fame do in after years. Our happiness is all relative, anyway. We enjoy by comparison. The boy's sled is big enough to fill his mind. The man's yacht is merely a toy, which has its use for a time and then ceases to amuse. Christmas is a reality to the young—a definite pleasure point. To the full grown boys and girls it is an attempt to arouse the old enthusiasm, the belief in Santa Claus, the enjoyment in gift giving and gift receiving. It comes and goes, and they try hard to persuade themselves that they enjoyed it with an old time zest.



Which the dear Christ in His downward flight
Smiled on as He passed it by?

"Quick when it caught the wonderful gleam,
So bright that it pierced all space,
It could not choose but light the whole world
And point to the glorified face."

My little girl's eyes were full of thought
As she asked me this question grave;
And I, like one in the presence of kings,
Was an awed and silenced slave.

She weighed my wisdom and found it void,
Ah! yes; it was very plain
From that day forth I must abdicate,
And be oracle no more again.

So I said, "My darling, I cannot tell;
Perhaps it was as you say,
The beautiful star caught its wondrous light
As the Christ sped on His way."

"But if it is so or not, I think
It has never sunk quite out of sight."
And she cried out quick in her joyous way,
"Oh, let us go find it to-night!"

Ah! little one, we are not shepherds, or wise,
But may we not see as they did?
Not with our eyes, but down in our souls,
The star not quite veiled or hid.

But shining clear, with a living light,
With a light that'll never dim,
Till it pierces e'en through the outer night,
And leads us straight to Him.

ALICE E. IVES.

About this time the newspapers teem with advice to husbands—how to treat wives, what to buy for them, and to be sure to buy something. Immediately following mandatory articles of this kind come suggestions to wives to make home pleasant for husbands during the days of good cheer. So much is done for infants that a little gentle reminder to the big married children may not come amiss; but is the editorial mind a safe one to go to for hints on how to maintain conjugal felicity? Marry! I know not, forsooth! as Shakespeare's people say when they are perplexed. Every one must work out the problem for himself.

CHRISTMAS AND THE CYNIC.

A Pessimist and Optimist Talk It Over.

"There is more brotherly love and uplifting of spirit in a good fat turkey than in all the Christmas stories that ever were penned," said the cynic. "Holiday literature is not to my taste. It is usually of forced growth. Written to fit the day, it has a flavor of unnaturalness. The hero of the Christmas story is either translated on that day, or he has a streak of perfectly phenomenal luck. It's never so in real life. In fact, pleasure is confined to Christmas than at any other time, notwithstanding all the extravagant sentiment set afloat about the good will business."

To which the optimist replied: "But isn't it a good thing to have even the stories come out right! It's pleasant to know that make-believe people find one day in the year joyous. There are so many wet blankets flung around on the other 364."

"I would rather have my slice of good will cut up and given to me every now and then than to have a big chunk of it on Christmas," continued the cynic. "All this bluster isn't sincere. Plenty of people give presents because it's expected of them, not because they have a feeling of tenderness toward their fellow mortals. And how is humanity benefited by a spurt of generosity?"

"It isn't perfection, this world isn't," said the optimist, musingly, "but there's lots of goodness in the human animal after all. Nobody but the babies cares for presents particularly; but it's a pretty custom to give them. We're likely to grow so despicably selfish if there was no Christmas to remind us that we could make somebody else glad. And when you come right down to solid facts, the least grotesque old myth, Santa Claus, has done more toward expanding the human heart and keeping it tender toward the children and the poor than all the sermons. What would we do without this good genius of Babyland who fills the stockings while their owners are away in the beautiful Land of Nod? The simple unquestioning faith they have in him is worth more than the crown of kings. There is no danger of the earth being made too good by a gush of generosity. We still have all the old scourges and a few new ones. The Russian exiles still toil in agony in the Siberian mines. The gaunt wolf of famine still prowls through the streets of great cities and on lonely country roads. The forked tongue of the hydra-headed devil of slander strikes here and there doing its blasting work. The north wind stings through the beggar's rags. The hot breath of disease still leaves its olden track of sorrow in the houses of the rich and the hovels of the poor. And the old, old marplot, Death, is as formidable as ever. Oh, no, there is no danger of the grim old world getting too good even for a day, but through the leaden sky there gleam such stars of promise that one can almost forget that Christmas trees are sawed off at the base and have sticks for roots."

"Speaking of Christmas trees," said the cynic, "I saw the most miserable caricature of one to-day that could be imagined. It was a cast off limb from some Dives' umbrageous one. A small Lazarus had dragged it home, set it up near the front window in the paternal shanty and strung it full of his miserable possessions. There wasn't an article worth a penny in the lot. The collection was the most depressing one ever on exhibition. Small chunks of nothing wrapped in greasy paper, clusters of old buttons found on the sidewalk from time to time, bits of leather, nails, whitened sticks, pieces of colored glass, and a small china doll with both arms and legs broken off, comprised the assortment. Being a cynic, I'm not much given to emotional ecstasy, but I could have wept over this serious burlesque of Christmas cheer. And that's about what Christmas means to half the people. The bluster and pleasure of the well-to-do only emphasizes the distress of the poverty stricken. The Christmas angels are the wretched and linger long by the hearthstones of the rich."

The optimist smiled and sighed as he musingly answered: "Yes, the millennium is a long way off, but there is some good will among us, some generosity, some unselfishness, some almost perfect love, and some hope for the future of the race. We can't all have full Christmas trees any more than we can all have continual joy and riches and contentment. It isn't in the plan; but it's something for a few to have pleasure. It has been said that if you make children happy while they are children, you make them happy twenty years later by the memory of it. The rain of sorrow will fall upon them soon enough. Care and grief, old age and death are waiting for them down the road."

"Well, I wish the false would be rung out and the true rung in as soon as possible," said the cynic, as he walked away. G. G.

A Legend of the Flight Into Egypt.

"Arise, and take the child and his mother into Egypt," and they fled through the solemn darkness of the night.

The next day they came upon a man sowing corn. Some mysterious influence attracted him to the travelers. From the countenance of the mother, or from the earnest eyes of the child she bore in her arms, a softening gleam of grace descended into his heart. He was very kind to them, and permitted them to cross his field, and the young mother, folding her babe yet more closely to her breast, leaned forward, explaining to him that they were pursued by enemies. "And if they come this way," said the sweet, love voice, "and ask if you have seen us?"

"I shall say you did not pass this way," was the eager interjection.

"Nay," said the blessed mother, "you must speak only the truth. Say: 'They passed me while I was sowing this corn.'"

And the travelers pursued their journey. The next morning the sower was amazed to find that his corn had sprung up and ripened in the night. While he was gazing at it in astonishment, Herod's officers rode up and questioned him.

"Yes, I saw the people of whom you speak," said he. "They passed while I was sowing this corn."

Then the officers moved on, feeling sure that the persons seen by the sower were not the Holy family, for such fine ripe corn must have been sown months before.

RUTH O'CONNOR.

A young man came into this city from a few miles abroad last week, and having sold his wood and put up his horses, set forth to shop. Something in the window of a ladies' furnishing store caught his eye and he went in. The crowd of women frightened him, and when the young lady behind the counter asked him what he wanted, he wanted to die, but he didn't say so. He managed to say, with painful effort that he wanted "one o' them wire rat traps in the window, and if you please ma'am, would you tell me how to set it?" The police carried the man away in an ambulance, but the girl behind the counter died.

LIFE IN OXFORD.

San Francisco Chronicle.

Oxford is like a fashionable watering place, or a mountain resort, or a state capital, or like any other place that depends for its prosperity and life on a special class of transients. When the terms are in full swing it flourishes like its own classical green bay tree; when it is vacation, the city droopeth like a prosaic cornstalk in October. When the twenty-six colleges and halls are full, the city is agog with that academic gaiety which is natural to the congregation of thousands of school boys, for that after all, is what the students are; when the quadrangles are deserted, the city seems deserted to. It not only seems to be, but is actually as quiet, as dead, and as dull as the inner temple in August, for city though Oxford is, it is first, last and always a university. A map of the place shows nothing but a collection of collegiate institutions and their appurtenances; black caps and gowns darken the streets, as red coats enliven those of an English garrison town; while tower, pinnacle and gateway fill the eye, cast it in whatsoever direction you may. The quiet burghers follow pursuits that thrive by studential patronage. Tobaccoists flourish; so do beer sellers; every stationer announces that he buys and sells second-hand books; every tailor displays gowns in his window; the doctors are learned in the complaints of adolescence; boat men grow wealthy; householders' rents are paid by the income derived from furnished apartments, and a competence is the result of a good contract to clean college windows.

The young ladies of the place are experts in the rich academic slang; mothers listen nervously to the pipings of their boys, with hopeful thoughts of a chorister's stall; and fathers keep a watchful eye on the whole brood, for Oxford is an anxious place to raise a family, especially if the female members are young and attractive. Chapel, studies and boating take up much of the student's time, it is true, but the aggregate of leisure is something immense, and it is but natural that some of it should be devoted to the conjugation of *amo, amas*. In saying this it is not forgotten that Oxford is one of the two great seats of learning of a great empire; that the young royal idea has been taught to shoot here; that it has produced some of the cleverest men in the world and that it is especially a theological seminary. But boys will be boys, even though they are making bishops and nebulous judges. It is not the cowl that makes the monk, neither is it the gown that makes the saint.

WELL, THIS IS CURIOUS.

Startling Difference in Weight Going up and Down in an Elevator.

Recent experiments touching the effects upon different persons of the upward and downward motion of elevators present some curious results. A man of 161 pounds weight standing upon the platform of a scale placed in an elevator finds the balance indicating 174 pounds on the upward journey and 148 during the descent, thus showing the difference in his weight for the time being of 26 pounds, or about 16 per cent. In this case the elevator was of ordinary speed, and in proportion as the speed was increased or diminished the change observed a corresponding alteration, one elevator moving so rapidly as to indicate nearly 10 per cent.

In this we have the secret of what so many persons have a sensation of sea sickness in elevators, especially after a recent meal. In a great New York store, in which the different stories are devoted to separate branches of trade, the speed of the elevator is regulated so as to save time, but so many ladies are made seasick by the motion they prefer the old mode of stairs climbing. Standing well forward or well aft on the deck of a ship in a heavy sea-way gives the same lifting and falling sensation as that experienced in the elevator; but the roll of the ship is absent, so that it would seem as if seasickness resulted more from the upward and downward motion than the swaying of the deck away from a horizontal position. It will be remembered that the experiment of building passenger vessels with pendulum cabins, whose decks remained horizontal throughout the voyage, failed to avert seasickness. All the motion was overcome excepting in the direction of the perpendicular. That disease of the sea must therefore be due to the alternating conditions of the pressure of the food in the stomach; and as the patient recovers when the stomach has time to adjust itself to the motion and becomes proof against further attack, it is obvious that voyaging in a rapidly moving elevator, in anticipation of a sea voyage, would make "old salts" of the most delicate ladies before embarking.

HE LEADS ME.

Old Hymn—tune "Salome."
The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My midnight walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry globe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and low,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way
Through dreary lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned;
And streams shall murmur all around.

J. ADDISON.

"Well, sah," said the, "I see Major the niggers have a papah of their own in New York, sah." "Is that a fact?" asked the Judge. "I haven't heard of it." "Yes, sah," replied the Major; "it is a fact, sah. I have here in my hand the prospectus of 'a new colored cartoon weekly.' Illustrated, too. Well, sah, good for the niggers." And as the Major lighted his cigar he said he shouldn't wonder if a boy he used to own, who was a printer's devil in Augusta, hadn't something to do with this papah.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

By Joaquin Miller.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word, or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield—
But bravely, silently, bore her part—
Lo! there is that battle field!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave!
But, oh! these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

IT WILL COME TO PASS.

Wall Street News.

"How does this natural gas come," he asked of the bald headed man in the seat in front of him.

"It collects in cavities in the earth," was the reply.

"How long will it last?"
"Until the supply in the pocket or cavity is used up. Then all pressure will cease."

"And the well won't be good for nuthin'?"
"That's about it."

"Thanks. A naybur o' mine has got a gas well, and has ordered plug hats, silk dresses and Waterbury watches by the dozen, and he's so stuck up that he won't even borrow my hoe any more. I'm going to wait for that cavity to pump out and his well to peter, and then my hull family will sit on the fence and grin as he goes by."

In Phil Armour's Chicago packing house they are killing 4,000 hogs a day, and yet the man who sits sideways in a street car was in town yesterday. So was the man who has his hair cut Saturday night. Some men are born lucky.

BURPEE'S DRUG STORE!

BEAUTIFUL GIFTS



Call and examine a stock not equalled in Knox County. The reputation of this store for FINE GOODS, assures one and all that from the variety offered some article may be found to please.

ODOR CASES

Toilet Sets, Card Receivers, Broom Cases, Colognes, Elegant Mirrors, Celluloid Cases, Snokers' Cases, Meerschaum Pipes, Briar Pipes, Cigar Holders, Nail Sets, Pocket Books, Specie Purses, Wallets, Lubin's Extracts, Landberg's Extracts.

All goods Fresh and of the latest designs.

Usual Large Stock DRUGS, MEDICINES and CHEMICALS.

FRED F. BURPEE

WHEN YOU COME TO BUY HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

Bear in mind the following fact:

H. S. MOOR.
The Rockland Jeweler,

HAS A BIG STOCK OF

Silver and Plated Ware,
Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry
of all kinds, etc.,

And these will be sold

At Prices Lower than Ever Before
quoted in these parts!

As this means business and buyers will be wise to heed the above announcement.

H. S. MOOR,
Main Street, ROCKLAND.

To Save Time is to Lengthen Life.
I AM prepared to do COPYING on the TYPE
WRITER in a satisfactory manner, and at reasonable prices.

With COCHRAN & SEWALL,
249 Main St., Rockland.

G. C. CROSS.

BOSTON CLOTHING STORE.

BOSTON CLOTHING STORE.



Clothing, Clothing

For Everybody.
For Everybody.

We are now opening an Immense Stock of Men's, Ycuths and Boys' well made

Fashionable
Clothing!

FURNISHING
GOODS,
HATS and CAPS
Rubber Goods,
Trunks, Bags, &c

The Best Assortment.

All the Leading Styles.

Prices that are Surprisingly Low.

—OUR SPECIALTY—
To Please our Customers.

—OUR AIM—
To Save Money for our Patrons.

—OUR INTENTIONS—
To do better by you than any others.

Don't forget in making your
Fall and Winter purchases the
old reliable

BOSTON CLOTHING STORE.

286 Main Street.

C. F. WOOD & CO.

New England CLOTHING HOUSE.

OVERCOATS.

We are just now showing the LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST line of Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's OVERCOATS ever offered for sale in this city. As great care has been taken in selecting this large stock to obtain only such goods as we can recommend as being

WELL MADE,
STYLISH,
AND
DESIRABLE.

and as our stock of all the Best Grades are much lower in price than ever before, buyers will find it greatly to their advantage to examine this stock.

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New England
CLOTHING HOUSE,
280 Main St., Rockland.



The play is done, the curtain drops;
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around to say farewell.
It is an awkward word and task;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word ere yet the evening ends—
Let's close it with a parting rhyme;
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas time:
On life's wide scene, you, too, have parts
That fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good night!—with honest, gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go away.

Good night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page—
The triumph and defeat of boys
Are but repeated in our age;
I'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain than those of men;
You range or pleasure of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys;
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early love and truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say how fate may change and shift—
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift;
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great may be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

This crown his feast with wine and wit,
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His better, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the nut from Dives' wheel
To spin the race of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven, that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen!—whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the heart I wither be bent
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let old and young accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer, as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young?
(Bear kindly with my humble lays)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead,
The joyful angels raised it then;
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas tide—
As fits the holy Christmas birth.
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MARKEPESACK THACKERAY.



It is Christmas time;
And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth,
In the glorious grief and solemn mirth,
The shining angels climb.

D. M. McLECK.

Three Angels on the First Christmas Morning.

When God created man He commanded His angels to visit him on earth and guide him in his ways, so that he might have a foretaste of the bliss of the life to come. But man sought after sensual joys in the place of those in heaven, and growing greedy of worldly fruits, began to quarrel with his neighbors for the possession of them; and the guardian angels wept among themselves. But when the strong oppressed the weak and took from them by force the product of their toil, Justice rose up sorrowing, and leaving earth, flew back to heaven. And when the weak overcame the strong with treachery and deceit, and got from them by cunning what they feared to take by force, Truth rose up sorrowing, and leaving earth, flew back to heaven. And when the injured went forth to slay their injurers, and crimsoned the plain with their brothers' blood, Peace rose up sorrowing, and leaving the earth, flew back to heaven.

Thus each had set scared some good angel

from the world, until Forgiveness, the most beautiful of all, alone remained behind. And when she heard Anger and Revenge whisper dark deeds in men's ears, and counsel them to repeat that had been done to them, she rose up sorrowing and said:

"I will not leave the earth. While my sister angels were here I might have rested in my Father's bosom, for man needed me not; but now that they have fled, I will seek to make man listen to my voice, telling him that as he cherished forgiveness here, so that forgiveness will cherish him hereafter."

At that moment a new and most beautiful star blazed in the heavens. It was the star of Bethlehem. Pointing to it Forgiveness said, "Behold, the light of the world. It shines as a promise that I will ever dwell upon the earth." And Peace and Love, repenting, flew back and have never since left the earth. So the loveliest angels of heaven came down to the world on the first Christmas morning.

A MOTHER'S XMAS STORY.

Mother and I were sitting by the fire on Christmas night. Twenty happy years we had spent together, almost alone, for father died before I knew him; and we had never been rich, and were perhaps a little selfish, for we loved each other so heartily that we could scarcely spare time from each other for the few of our own class whom we came across, who being better off than ourselves, and holding themselves rather higher, seldom seemed to need our help or sympathy. We had plenty of poorer neighbors whom we loved and who loved us, but they in no way interfered between us or made the happiness we felt in being together less complete. It was only in the last year that a new strong interest had come into our lives, and this Harry brought; and on New Year's day he and I were to be married. From the first moment when he brought me home to mother, having picked me up from the muddy pavement, where I had fallen bruised and helpless in the midst of a crowd, she seemed to take him into her heart, and never from that day did she let one jealous feeling come between her and me. Of course, she was to live with us; even Harry could not have made a home for me without her, and the only thing she ever did which for the moment we thought hard, was when, a week before, she had insisted on Harry's going home for Christmas. "Go to your father and mother, Harry, and leave Janet with me," she said. "You and she hope to be together all your lives; give us old folks one more chance of feeling you all our own." And Harry, with a look at me to see what I thought, had agreed.



"COME AND SIT HERE, JANET."

So that Christmas evening Mother and I were alone. There had been something in mother's manner all day which I could not understand. She seemed to have something on her mind. She was loving and tender to me, so tender that I thought that no one had ever had a mother like mine, and yet sometimes when I spoke to her she scarcely heard me. But we had in quiet happy days we always were happy together—and late in the evening mother sat down in her chair by the fire and said:

"Come and sit here, Janet, on your little stool, and put your head on my knee. I have a story to tell you to-night."

"A story, mother dear? Oh, that is lovely, like being a child again?"

"It is a true story, Janet, of your life and mine. I have never cared to tell it to you before, but I am not afraid now—my child and I have loved each other all these years—no, I am not afraid."

"What could you be afraid of, dear mother?"

"You shall hear and judge," she said, putting her hand on my head, and then she began: "When I was young, younger than you are, I was engaged to be married. My home was very unhappy, and when Andrew Western came and asked me to marry him I was ready to leave the ground he trod upon. He had been coming backward and forward to our house for some time on business with my father, and I believe that from the very first day he saw my misery. We were—and to my remembrance always had been—poor, but if I had been a boy my father would have possessed thousands a year. I never wondered that he hated me, that my mother mourned and fretted from morning till night; they had brought me up to feel guilty of a crime, and I did feel it in my inmost heart. It was no marvel that, when Andrew asked me to marry him, I looked upon him as an angel of deliverance. I loved him with an intensity which amazed and frightened him. It was in vain he tried to make me sober and reasonable. It was in vain he told me that such worship was wrong and foolish, that it gave him no happiness, while to me it must bring disappointment. I could not listen, and at last I wearied him. He said little about it after awhile, but he went away, and once more my life was desolate. He said he would come back, but he never did. He wrote to me often, kind, tender letters, but they chilled my heart; and then one day he wrote to tell me that I must be all over between us. He told me how he had driven to hold fast by his old love for me, but he could not; the more effort he made, the thought of my passionate devotion filled him with dread. He could never return such love, he could never endure to have it lavished upon him; once for all he would give it a death blow; when his letter reached me he should be married."

"I had another lover then, Janet, and I almost hated him, but before many weeks were over I became his wife. He loved me always, but we quarreled. I could not pretend to love him, and he grew reckless; our home was miserable, and within a year he died. I was too ill to know what happened for a long time after that. Strange faces passed before me, strange voices spoke kindly words of pity, and once every day it seemed to me that Andrew came and stood by my bed. When at last I woke to reason again, you were beside me. Oh, how I loved you! How passionately I loved you! You seemed to me to be all the world, and you saved my life!"

"My husband had not left me in poverty, I had no need to work, and I spent my whole life in watching over you. I made no friends, for I cared for none. I forgot the miseries of my father's house; I forgot my quarrels with my husband; I forgot even my love for Andrew, and was scarcely moved when I heard that death had visited his home as well as mine, and that he was indeed desolate, for his

wife had died and left him childless. Three happy years passed away almost without a cloud. You grew and thrived. Every day seemed to my delighted eyes to give a new charm, a new beauty to my treasure; and then in the midst of my joy you fell ill. Day and night, night and day, I watched by your bed—say, Janet, give me no thanks; it was selfish love! It was all in vain that doctor and nurse argued with me. I would not leave you. It was fever and must run its course, they said. If you should recover, my strength would be needed when you could know and call for me; but I would not listen, and one night as I sat beside you all the room grew dark, and I knew no more. When I recovered I could not rise from my bed, but I implored with passionate tears to be taken to you. Then some one came forward and sat down beside me and took my hand, and I saw that it was Andrew. It gave me no surprise to see him there. I dimly remembered that I had seemed to see him before when I was ill, and for the moment his presence calmed me."

"Mary," he said, in his old, quiet tone, "if you do not do as I tell you you will die; and what is more, the child will die too."

"I sprang up with a scream and struggled to go to you. 'My child, my child!' I cried. 'She is not your child—she is mine,' he said, in that calm tone of truth which had never failed to convince me, and which now pierced like a sword of ice into my heart. 'Yes, she is mine! Listen.' His quiet eyes controlled me, his quiet words subdued me. When you were very ill, dying, they thought, my name was often on your lips, and they discovered and sent for me. On the same day a child was born to each of us, and my wife and your child died. 'We might have hoped for her if her baby had lived,' said the doctor; and I gave my child to you. Can you not bear what I have borne?"

"Oh, Janet, my child, his words were healing, and the sorrow that from that hour I tried to bear was taken from me!"

At first when mother ceased speaking, the world, and love, and life seemed to me to be blank and hollow, but in a few moments I rose from my seat and knelt at her knees. "Oh, mother, dear—my father?"

"He died long ago. Janet, do you love me?"

"Then, as we kissed each other I knew that in all our lives of happy love dear mother and I had never been so near together."

THE COMPLAINT OF SANTA CLAUS.

The snow lies deep on the frozen ground,
And the Christmas night is cold and hoar—
Can it be I am growing old?

Long years ago when the Christmas chimes
Made merry the midnight sky,
When the carolers' call filled houses and hall,
And wassail and mirth ran high.

When the harlequin mummings reeled and danced,
And the great yule log blazed bright;
When the walls were green with a summer sheen,
In holly and yew bedight;

When the faces of all, the young, the old,
Were brimming with sparkling cheer—
Aye, those were the times when Christmas chimes
Were the merriest sounds of the year!

I snapped my fingers in Jack Frost's teeth,
While the snow was wavering down,
And the icicles hung from my beard I flung—
My beard that was then so brown!

And I wrapped myself in my grizzly coat,
And lit my pipe with a coal
From Hecla's crest, where I stopped to rest,
On my way from the Northern Pole.

My reindeer—O, they were brisk and gay—
My sledge, it could stand a pull;
My pack, too, great, seemed a feather's weight,
No matter how crammed and full!

My heart it was stout in those good old days,
And warm with an inward glee;
For I thought of the mirth of a thousand hearts,
Where the little ones watched for me.

So I gathered my sweets from far and near,
And I piled my cunningest toys
(Heeding the swirls, for the innocent girls,
And the rollicking, rollicking boys.

But the times have sobered and changed since then,
My merriest flags forlorn;
My beard is as white as on Christmas night
Of old was the Glaston thorn.

Tho' my wrinkled-up lips still hold the pipe,
No longer the smoke-wreath curls;
But saddest to see, of sights for me—
My frolicsome boys and girls!

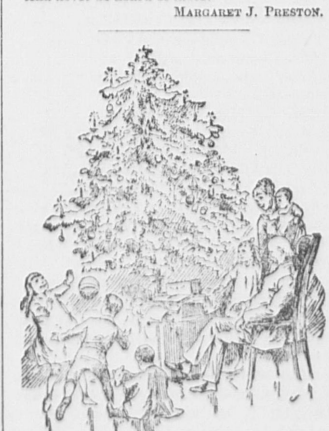
Have grown so knowing, they dare to say—
Those protesters wise and small—
That all saints deceive, and they don't believe
In a Santa Claus at all!

Ah, me! 'tis a fateful sound to hear;
'Tis gall in my wassail cup;
The darlings I've spoiled, so wrought for and
Toiled,

The children have given me up!
My heart is broken. I'll break my pipe,
And my tinkling team may go,
And bury my sledge on the trackless edge
Of the wastes of the Lapland snow.

My useless pack I will fling away,
And in Germany's forests hoar,
From an icy steep I will plunge leagues deep,
And never be heard of more.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.



Merry Christmas is here, with a smile and a cheer,
Let all your old troubles and quarrels be ended;
For the friend that is near have a greeting most dear,
And breathe a good wish for the foe who's offended.
Though with him was the spite,
And with you was the right;
In kindness of spirit forgive him to-night.
For whoever makes peace 'neath the evergreen tree
A prince of good fellows, and welcome is he.

B. A. Atkinson & Co.,

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Cor. Pearl and Middle Sts., Portland, Me.
Cor. Common and Washington Sts., Boston.
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THE PARLOR,
THE CHAMBER,
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THE LIBRARY,
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